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THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE ROAD TO A BISHOPRIC.

In Gaining Promotion in the Catholic Church Good Business Sense is More Potent than Eloquence.

It Seldom Happens that an Eloquent Priest Ever Becomes a Prelate.

[*New York Sun, Oct. 9.*]

The remark has been made frequently that the clergy of the Roman Catholic church are, as a rule, inferior, in the matter of eloquence, to the ministers of Protestant denominations, and it has been suggested that the cause of the inferiority is that the advancement of priests seldom or ever depends on their oratorial abilities, while ministers are usually promoted according to the qualities they display in the pulpit. Whether this is a fact or not, it is certain that the men who have reached the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States are not generally distinguished for their eloquence. They have been selected for bishoprics on account of their learning, their piety, their business ability; but it has seldom happened that an eloquent priest, without some very strong recommendation other than his eloquence, has become a prelate. In fact, the priest who makes his mark in the pulpit is more likely to stay in the priestly order than one who has devoted his best energies to building up new parishes and paying off debts.

Archbishop Corrigan, the gentle prelate under whom the great archdiocese of New York has grown so rapidly, is not an orator. He is an extremely pleasant talker, but no one has ever heard him indulge in flights of eloquence. He talks in a conversational style, as a spiritual father to his spiritual children; and while he always interests his hearers, he does not thrill them, and makes no effort to do so. His great learning, his religious fervor, and the executive ability which he showed as a priest and later as bishop of Newark, made him Cardinal McCloskey's successor.

Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore, primate of the American Catholic church, has never been described as an eloquent preacher. Like Archbishop Corrigan he is a pleasant, fatherly talker, and, like him, he has managed his archdiocese with signal success. His winning personality has had much to do with his advancement. He is regarded as the ablest diplomatist in the hierarchy. He is as orthodox as the Pope, yet his liberality of opinion in matters not relating strictly to dogma has done much to remove prejudice against the Roman Catholic church in his archdiocese and throughout the country. It is said that he has made his clergy a model for the whole church in the matter of harmony and united effort in any direction of endeavor suggested by him. The cardinal was never noted for learning at college, as a priest in Virginia, as vicar-apostolic of North Carolina, as bishop of Richmond, or as archbishop of Baltimore; but he was always distinguished for his power to attract men and mold their minds to his way of thinking. And he did it, too, without the gift of eloquence.

Archbishop Williams, of Boston, does not figure conspicuously in the pulpit, and never did. He is an able business man, has an attractive personality, and is an example in piety. He has not needed eloquence to make the archdiocese of Boston one of the most prosperous in the country.

Archbishop Janssens, of New Orleans, is a poor orator, but an able prelate. As vicar-general of the Richmond diocese he showed remarkable business talent, and was made bishop of Natchez. Later he was elevated to the archbishopric of New Orleans. He is the handsomest of the archbishops, and has all the qualities which make a popular society man in the best sense of that term.

Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, seldom appears in the pulpit. He is, perhaps, the least eloquent preacher in the hierarchy. He generally reads from manuscript—a practice very rare in the Catholic church. Business ability won for him the pallium. He was bishop of Natchez when Archbishop Purcell, of Cincinnati, died leaving his archdiocese overwhelmed with debt. It was a difficult task to find a man able and willing to undertake the work of removing this burden, but finally Bishop Elder was chosen. He has been eminently successful in his work, though he has had to devote more of his time to books and accounts than to his regular episcopal duties.

The venerable Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, the oldest prelate in the American church, did not reach his present dignity by efforts in the pulpit. He is a good speaker, but not eloquent. Yet he founded and built up one of the great archdioceses of the country, and manages it with great ability and even without the assistance of a coadjutor since Bishop Ryan was transferred to Philadelphia.

Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, was known as a man of great executive ability while he was bishop of Nashville, Tenn. He was a fair speaker, but some of his friends were more eloquent. He was made archbishop of Chicago because he was the ablest business man available at a time when the Chicago diocese needed a business man to put its affairs in order. He has been so successful in Chicago that his name has been frequently mentioned in connection with the cardinal's hat.

Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, the only man in the history of the church in America who was taken from the priesthood and made an archbishop, is what is commonly termed a good preacher; but his remarkable promotion was due to his business talents and his magnetic personality. In a few years he has made the San Francisco archdiocese prosperous, having relieved it from heavy debts left by his predecessors. It is said that in the matter of stocks and real estate he can give points to some of the best business men in his flock. Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, might be described in much the same way. He controls a street car line in St. Paul, and has extensive real estate dealings. Those who know him well say that he is the sharpest business man in Minnesota. He is also a very learned man, and has shown talents for diplomacy, but he is not conspicuous as a pulpit orator. The best authorities say that the next cardinal's hat that comes to America will be worn by Archbishop Ireland.

The two really eloquent wearers of the pallium are Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, and Archbishop Gross, of Portland, Oregon. The former was called the "Bossuet of the Missouri" when he was coadjutor to the archbishop of St. Louis. He is also known as the "golden-tongued orator of the Roman Catholic hierarchy." Unlike most men of genius, he is a shrewd business man.

Archbishop Gross was a Redemptorist priest in Boston when he was made bishop of Savannah, Ga. He was the most powerful speaker in his order and had been heard at missions in all parts of the country. The title generally conceded to him is the "silver-tongued orator of the hierarchy."

There are many good speakers among the Roman Catholic bishops, but few have gained fame by their eloquence. Bishop J. J. Keane, of the Catholic University at Washington, ranks first among the few. He is the only bishop, within the writer's knowledge, who was elevated to a bishopric solely because he was a great preacher. When he was made bishop of Richmond, Va., he had not been even pastor of a church. His reputation was gained in the pulpit as an assistant priest in Washington. He was not a notable success from a business point while he managed the affairs of the Richmond diocese, and he readily accepted the more congenial office of rector of the university.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

TO INNISFAIL.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Ever our fond hopes go winging
Far over the sea,
Voiced in the songs we are singing—
Rough-hewn though they be—
Hopes that like joy-bells are ringing
God's freedom for thee!

Wishes to close the sad story
Of wrong and of might;
To wash away sins dark or gory
In waters of right,
As thou glidest from death to the glory
Of life and of light.

Pray'rs that the pathway before thee
Be paved but with gold;
That the emerald flag, to float o'r thee
In triumph unrolled,
Be loved with the love heroes bore thee
On scaffolds of old!

Green bays for the dust that is lying
Clasped close to thy breast—
For the ashes of men who in dying
Defended thee best
With a faith that knew nought of denying,
But spoke and confessed.

Thus ever o'er long leagues of ocean,
O'er wide wastes of sea
Hearts, beating with fondest emotion,
Waft greetings to thee,
And wish thee with soulful devotion
The meed of the free!

The Gaelic Class.

Those members of the class who were absent on Sunday, Oct 2, lost a great treat because of their non-attendance. Mr. T. O'Neill Russell dropped in on us quite unexpectedly, and after expressing surprise at the progress made by the school since its commencement, proceeded to deliver a lecture on the beauties of the old tongue. Mr. Russell will return in two weeks, and remain with us for some time. The class should prepare to give him a hearty greeting, and show by their numerous attendance that they appreciate his efforts to revive the language of our ancestors. Our noble Gaelic athletes, who are so gallantly upholding the prowess of the young men of Ireland under adverse circumstances, will flock to our school when the inclemency of the weather forbids their appearance on the field, and will avail themselves of the advantage to be derived from the instruction of such an able teacher as Mr Russell, and so become Gaelic in language as well as in athletic performances. School meets every Sunday from 2 to 5 p.m. in City Clerk Van Cleave's office, City Hall.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.

How I Made My Start.

You must have lots of boy readers who would like to hear of my experience and how I started in business. I am 14 years old, and my father is dead and my mother is an invalid, so I had to leave school and earn some money. I saw in your paper the experience of William Evans, and how he made money plating knives, forks and spoons, and I thought I would try the plating business, so I sent to H. F. Delano & Co., Columbus, Ohio, and got a $5.00 Lightning Plater. It came by express and is a beautiful machine. In one week I did $13 worth of work and last week I was sick and only made $11. The price received for plating is nearly all profit and the work is very nice. Every person has gold, silver or nickel plating to do and I hope to start a little store soon. If any of your boy readers will benefit by my experience in starting in business I shall be very glad.

JAMES ANDERSON.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Of Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

Private charity, one might think, in a country like Ireland, would put out the calculating government sadly; but that too, was brought in great measure under control. The 'Temporary Relief Act," talking of eight millions of money (to be used if needed)—distributing, like Cumæan Sybil, its mystic leaves by the myriad and the million,—setting charitable people everywhere to con its pamphlets, and compare clause with clause,—putting everybody in terror of its rates, and in horror of its inspectors,—was likely to pass the summer bravely. It would begin to be partly understood about August; would expire in September—and in September the "persons connected with government" expected their round two millions of carcasses.

A further piece of the machinery, all working to the same great end, was the "Vagrancy Act," for the punishment of vagrants,—that is, of about four millions of the inhabitants,—by hard labor, "for any time not exceeding one month." Many poor people were escaping to England, as deck passengers on board the numerous steamers, hoping to earn their living by labor there; but "government" took alarm about typhus fever—a disease not intended for England. Orders in council were suddenly issued, subjecting all vessels having deck passengers to troublesome examination and quarantine, the ebv quite stopping up that way of escape; and six days afterwards four steamship companies between England and Ireland, on request of the government, raised the rate of passage for deck passengers. Cabin passengers were not interfered with in any way; for, in fact, it is the cabin passengers who spend in England five millions sterling per annum.

Whither now were the people to fly? Where to hide themselves? They had no money to emigrate; no food, no land, no roof over them; no hope before them. They began to envy the lot of those who had died in the first year's famine. The poor-houses were all full, and much more than full. Each of them was an hospital for typhus fever; and it was very common for three fever patients to be in one bed, some dead, and others not yet dead. Parishes all over the country being exhausted by rates, refused to provide coffins for the dead paupers, and they were thrown coffinless into holes; but in some parishes (in order to have at least the look of decent interment) a coffin was made, with its bottom hinged at one side, and closed at the other by a latch—the uses of which are obvious.

It would be easy to horrify the reader with details of this misery; but let it be enough to give the results in round numbers. Imagination must fill up the appalling picture. Great efforts were this year made to give relief by private charity; and the sums contributed in that way by Irishmen themselves far exceeded all that was sent from all other parts of the world beside. As for the ship-loads of corn generously sent over by Americans, I have already shown how the benevolent object was defeated. The moment it appeared in any port, prices became a shade lower; and so much the more grain was carried off from Ireland by "free trade." It was not foreign corn that Ireland wanted—it was the use of her own, that is to say, it was Repeal of the Union.

The arrangements and operation of the Union had been such that Ireland was bleeding at every vein; her life was rushing out at every pore; so that the money sent to her for charity was only so much added to landlords' rents and Englishmen's profits. American corn was only so much given as a handsome present to the merchants and speculators. That is, the English got it.

But, as I have said before, no Irishman begged the world for alms. The benevolence of Americans, and Australians, and Turks, and negro slaves, was excited by the appeals of the English press and English members of parliament; and in Ireland many a cheek burned with shame and indignation at our country being thus held up to the world, by the people who were feeding on our vitals, as abject beggars of broken victuals. The Repeal Association, low as it had fallen, never sanctioned this mendicancy. The true Nationalists of Ireland, who had been forced to leave that association, and had formed another society, the "Irish Confederation," never ceased to expose the true nature of these British dealings—never ceased to repudiate and spit upon the British beggarly appeals; although they took care to express warm gratitude for the well-meant charity of foreign nations; and never ceased to proclaim that the sole and all sufficient "relief measure" for the country would be, that the English should let us alone.

On March 16, for example, a meeting of the citizens of Dublin, assembled by public requisition at the music hall, presided over by the lord mayor, expressly to consider the peril of the country, and petition parliament for proper remedies. It was known that the conveners of the meeting contemplated nothing more than suggestions as to importing grain in ships of war, stopping distillation from grain, and other trifles. Richard O'Gorman was then a prominent member of the Irish Confederation, and, being a citizen of Dublin, he resolved to attend this meeting, and if nobody else should say the right word, say it himself. After some helpless talk about the "mistake" and "infatuation" of parliament, and suggestions for change in various details, O'Gorman rose, and in a powerful and indignant speech, moved this resolution:

"That for purposes of temporary relief, as well as permanent improvement, the one great want and demand of Ireland is, that foreign legislators and foreign ministers shall no longer interfere in the management of her affairs."

In his speech he charged the government with being the "murderers of the people," and said:

"Mr Fitzgibbon has suggested that the measures of government may have been adopted under an infatuation. I believe there is no infatuation. I hold a very different opinion on the subject. I think the British government are doing what they intend to do."

The present writer, as another citizen of Dublin, seconded Mr. O'Gorman's resolution, and the report of my observations has these sentences:

"I have listened with pain and disappointment to the proceedings of a meeting purporting to be a meeting of the citizens of Dublin, called at such a crisis, and to deliberate upon so grave a subject, yet at which the resolutions and speakers as with one consent, have carefully avoided speaking out what nine-tenths of us feel to be the plain truth in this matter. But the truth, my lord, must be told—and the truth is, that Ireland starves and perishes simply because the English have eaten us out of house and home. Moreover, that all the legislation of their parliaments is, and will be, directed to this one end—to enable them hereafter to eat us out of house and home as heretofore. It is for that sole end they have laid their grasp upon Ireland, and it is for that, and that alone, they will try to keep her."

Greatly to the consternation of the quiet and submissive gentlemen who had convened the meeting, O'Gorman's resolution was adopted by overwhelming acclamation.

Take another illustration of the spirit in which British charity was received by the Irish people. The harvest of Ireland was abundant and superabundant in 1847, as it had been the year before. The problem was, as before, to get it quietly and peacefully over to England. Therefore the Archbishop of Canterbury issued a form of thanksgiving for an "abundant harvest," to be read in all churches on Sunday, Oct. 17. One Trevelyan, a treasury clerk, had been sent over to Ireland on some pretense of business; and the first thing he did when he landed was to transmit to England an humble entreaty that the queen would deign to issue a royal "Letter," asking alms in all those churches on the day of thanksgiving. The petition was complied with; the *Times* grumbled against these eternal Irish beggars; and the affair was thus treated in the *Nation*, which certainly spoke for the people more authentically than any other journal:

"Cordially, eagerly, thankfully we agree with the English *Times* in this one respect: there ought to be no alms for Ireland.

"It is an impudent proposal, and ought to be rejected with scorn and contumely. We are sick of this eternal begging. If but one voice in Ireland should be raised against it, that voice shall be ours. Tomorrow, over broad England, Scotland and Wales, the people who devour our substance from year to year, are to offer up their canting thanksgiving for our 'abundant harvest,' and to fling us certain crumbs and crusts of it for charity. Now, if any church-going Englishman will hearken to us; if we may be supposed in any degree to speak for our countrymen, we put up our petition thus. Keep your alms, ye canting robbers; button your pockets upon the Irish plunder that is in them; and let the begging-box pass on. Neither as loans nor as alms will we take that which is our own. We spit upon the benevolence that robs us of a pound, and flings back a penny in charity. Contribute, now, if you will—these will be your thanks!

"But who has craved this charity? Why, the Queen of England, and her Privy Council, and two officers of her government, named Trevelyan and Burgoyne! No Irishman that we know of has begged alms from England.

"But the Englishman insist on our remaining beggars. Charitable souls that they are, they like better to give us charity than to let us earn our bread! And consider the time when this talk of almsgiving begins—our 'abundant harvest,' for which they are to thank God tomorrow, is still here; and there has been talk of keeping it here. So they say to one another—'up to; let us promise them charity and church subscriptions; they are a nation of beggars; they would rather have alms than honest earnings; let us talk of alms, and they will send us the bread from their tables, the cattle from their pastures, the coats from their back!'

"We charge the 'government,' we charge the cabinet council at Osborne House, with this base plot. We tell our countrymen that a man named Trevelyan, a treasury clerk—the man who advised and administered the Labor act—that this Trevelyan has been sent to Ireland, that he, an Englishman, may send over, from this side the channel, a petition to the charitable in England. We are to be made to beg, whether we will or no. The queen begs for us; the Archbishop of Canterbury begs for us; and they actually send a man to Ireland that a veritable Irish begging-petition may not be a wanting.

"From Salt-hill Hotel, at Kingstown, this piteous cry goes forth to England. 'In justice,' Trevelyan says, 'to those who have appointed a general collection in the churches on the 17th, and still more in pity to the unhappy people in the western districts of Ireland,' he implores his countrymen to have mercy, and gets his letter published in the London papers (along with another from Sir John Burgoyne), to stimulate the charity of those good and well fed Christians who will enjoy the luxury of benevolence tomorrow.

"Once more, then, we scorn, we repulse, we curse, all English alms; and only wish these sentiments of ours could reach before noon tomorrow every sanctimonious thanksgiver in England, Scotland and Wales, and Berwick-upon-Tweed."

In the same number, the *Nation* took the pains to collect and present statistics, by which it appeared that every day, one day with another, twenty large steamships, not counting sailing vessels, left Ireland for England, all laden with that "abundant harvest"—for which the English, indeed, might well give thanks in their churches.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

That Dear Old Word, Good-by.

Is a mighty sad one when it is the parting salutation between friends whom thousands of miles of salt water are about to separate. Mariners, buyers in foreign lands for heavy houses, commercial travelers who have made many trips across the stormy Atlantic, think little of an ocean voyage, but to the first voyager the initial trip is a momentous affair. Sea sickness is to be expected as a matter of course. How to prevent it? The finest remedy and preventive of the nausea provoked by the tossing of a vessel, the jarring motion of the screw of a steamship, or of a locomotive train, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, pronounced by sea captains, ship doctors, tourists, travelers and emigrants the finest stomachic and best defense against ailments of the bowels, digestive organs and liver in existence. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble and debility are remedied by it.

NIAGARA IN OCTOBER.

Eleanor Kirk "Gadding" Around the Beautiful Places Along the Hudson River.

Pen Pictures of Miss Laura Jean Libby, Mrs. Frank Leslie Wilde, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Oct. 10.—October is the ideal month to visit Niagara, and the scenery from New York city to this famous spot, cannot be surpassed by that of any other country on top of this green earth. The Hudson river is a feast for the eyes and a solace to the soul at any time of the year, but when it is enhanced by autumnal foliage as far as the eye can reach, the scene is simply ravishing. Then the distant mountains veiled and misty but suggestive of other heights which the ardent spirit is ever anticipating, beckon and woo us, and after the Hudson the sweet gliding Mohawk with its rich historic memories, and its soft and sinuous meanderings. I am always seraphically happy form the moment I take the train at the Grand Central depot till I reach my destination, and verily I believe there is an uplift to this journey which many travelers fail to get even in the loveliest and grandest spots in the Swiss Alps.

For one thing the Hudson river tourist experiences no sense of fatigue on the way. He just sits in a comfortable seat at a great shining plate glass window and is waited along. If he is very fond of natural scenery he cannot read. I always take a book thinking I may grow weary with looking. But I never do. It is all just as new as it was the first time I made the trip, and a thousand times more beautiful.

This reminds me of a letter received not long ago from a correspondent in Frankfort, N. Y.

"It does seem to me," she said, "as if you really thought that women hadn't an earthly thing to do but to gad. If you go as much as you advise others to I don't see how you write your weekly letters or get out your books or publish your paper. Of course you don't and you can't and if you don't is it right to be putting others up to gadding?"

But I do. I "gad"—isn't that a funny word?—a great deal. Much of my work is done on the fly—now, maybe, my friend will be mean and say—"it looks like it." Some women would. I never could live in a rut, I could not be of the slightest use to anybody if I did not refresh my spirit and so build up my bodily strength by means of the beautiful things which God has given us to enjoy—and I do love to go a mile a minute occasionally, on the Hudson River Railroad, the best equipped in the world. After one of these trips, I am so filled and satisfied and harmonized that I can write on a mantel-piece in a hotel, a trunk in my room, or a satchel in my lap, and when I get home my work is done, and I can sit down or lie down and live it all over again. Oh, I do wish women would "gad" more. There are some who can scarcely cross the threshold of their own homes, and there are more who could relieve the monotony of their lives if they only thought so, and to them I address myself.

"Country Girl" writes that she supposes I think it very strange that she and "a lot of others" should want to know how certain persons look whom she has heard so much about. For instance, did I ever see Laura Jean Libby, Mrs. Frank Leslie Wilde and Ella Wheeler Wilcox? If so, will I describe them and tell what I think of their works?

This is a large contract, and I scarcely think I can fill it.

Miss Laura Jean Libby is a very fine looking woman, perhaps 35, perhaps 40 years old. She is tall, of a light complexion with frank, pleasant features. She dresses with excellent taste, and it requires a powerful stretch of the imagination to connect this dignified and sensible looking woman with the trash which she is said to be the author of. There was perhaps a demand for this stuff, and as Miss Libby could furnish it with satisfaction to her publishers who knew the market, and with great pecuniary profit to herself, she has made a business matter of it entirely and just turns the crank. Miss Libby has one of the loveliest houses in Brooklyn, and is said to be a devoted daughter to an invalid and aged mother.

Mrs. Frank Leslie Wilde is a smart business woman, and like Miss Libby has made a great deal of money. Mrs. Wilde is more of a manager than a writer, although she can turn the English language to good account when she so desires. She is well along in years, and the man she lately married, Mr. Willie Wilde, has left America and his bride. Our climate does not agree with him, we are told, but the true reason is said to be that Willie wouldn't work and his wife refused to support him. Mr. Wilde is many years younger than his American legal partner.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox is a beautiful woman physically, spiritually and mentally. She is, as the world knows, a rare poet, and she is so true a singer that she is always happiest when her songs are singing themselves into the hearts and lives of other people and helping them to bear their burdens. The following incident which I know to be true will give my readers a good idea of the character of this lovely woman. A friend of mine in Westerly, R. I., who was suffering from a fatal disease found much comfort from the poet's verses. There was one in particular which was so adapted to her needs, so helpful and comforting, that she coaxed her sister to write to Mrs. Wilcox and thank her for the joy she had given her. The letter was sent, and in a few days came an answer which, as the dying woman said, was "almost sweeter than the poem." I can even now see the shining eyes of my brave friend as she read me the tender, uplifting communication which seemed to throw a strong and steady light upon the path which is generally so dark.

These are the things to do, and such a poet, and such a woman, I am proud of.

I wish to say to all the friends who have written me concerning the great trouble and mortification they are called upon to endure from hair growing upon their faces that there are no cosmetics that will destroy this capillary affliction, and the more oily substances that are used upon the face the thicker and stronger the growth will be. The electric needle is the only means of cure, and this in competent hands makes no mistakes. The disfiguring hairs never grow again. I would cordially recommend all those who can, to consult Mrs. Ellyn J. Blake, of No. 205 West Chester Park, Boston, Mass. This lady is a scientific operator, and is endorsed by the people in New England. This personal endorsement is given thus publicly from knowledge and from a sincere desire to help the afflicted, and not from any pecuniary or ulterior motive. There are so many charlatans in the field, and so many persons who for a consideration will recommend anybody or anything that I feel called upon once in a while to unfurl my banner.

ELEANOR KIRK,
No. 698 Greene avenue.

Literary Notes.

The *Century* Magazine will take up the Bible and Science controversy. In the November *Century*, Prof. Charles W. Shields of Princeton, answers the question, "Does the Bible contain Scientific Errors?" with an emphatic no. He says: "Literary and textual obscurities there may be upon the face of Holy Writ, like spots upon the sun, or rather like motes in the eye; but scientific error in its divine purport would be the sun itself extinguished at noon. Such a Bible could not live in this epoch." Prof. Shields' article will be followed by one in the December *Century* on "The Effect of Scientific Study upon Religious Beliefs."

The three page poem by John G. Whittier, which will appear in the November *St Nicholas* magazine, commemorates the visit of a party of young girls at the poet's home. It contains the following lines, which have a peculiar significance now that the good Quaker poet has passed away:

"I would not if I could repeat
A life which still is good and sweet;
I keep to age, as in my prime,
A not unchearful view with time,
And, grateful for all blessings sent,
I go the common way, content
To make no new experiment.
On easy terms with law and fate,
For what must be I calmly wait,
And trust the path I cannot see—
That God is good suffiseth me.
And when at last upon life's play
The curtain falls, I only pray
That hope may lose itself in truth,
And age in Heaven's immortal youth,
And all our loves and longing prove
The foretaste of diviner love!"

Mr. Howells will begin in the November *Cosmopolitan*, a department under the attractive title: "A Traveler from Altruria." Those who have seen the first two papers think they will equal in interest and in their wide appeal to all classes, the Breakfast Table Papers of Dr. Holmes. In order to give the necessary time to this work, Mr. Howells has turned over the detail editorial work to Mr. Walker.

The October *New England* magazine is specially attractive for the quantity and quality of its poetry. Everett S. Hubbard contributes a fine Columbus poem, "The Three Ships," which has the place of honor in the number. Charles Edwin Markham, the Californian poet is represented by a poem in his best vein, "A Harvest Song." Madison Cawein, of Kentucky, is somewhat metaphysical in "The Ordeal." James B. Kenyon contributes a pretty fancy, "The South Wind." St. George Best is topical with "Mars." Stuart Sterne, a New York poet, in "Vespers" and "Matins," gives us true poetry and sentiment. All these poets are of the younger generation, and are scattered throughout the Union, so that it cannot be said that the *New England* is bound by local prejudices, or closes its columns to the younger singers. And poetry is still read, the croakers to the contrary notwithstanding.

Very well informed people have but little conception of the ten great railways, whose network of rails covers the United States—several of them have a length of more than ten thousand miles each. How these systems came to exist in their present vast dimensions, the territory which they cover, the causes which have led to their development and their future possibilities and probabilities, will form the subject of a series of papers which will appear in the *Cosmopolitan* magazine. The first of this series is by President Plant, the head of the extensive Plant system of Railways and Steamers, and appears in the October issue of the *Cosmopolitan*, covering the system of railways east of the Alleghanies and south of the Potomac.

Elegant Service.

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James G. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

BOOK II:—CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued).

"The Grange of the Newtowne," as it was anciently called, had of old belonged to the abbey of Knockmoy, in Galway, on account of which it was afterwards seized, with the land attached, by the inquisitors of Queen Elizabeth, who gave the place to a "grantee," and thus it became lay property.

The house, situated not far from the banks of the Deel, was the congenial resort of the cream of the Tirawlian squireens, of whom the proprietor of Grange was "*aut Cæsar, aut nullus*"; and here were arranged hunts, steeplechases, duels, and the other little recreations with which those soulful individuals loved to beguile the monotony of rural life.

A chorus of salutations couched in the "mohawk" slang of the period greeted Bourke and Vaughan as they entered a room occupied by about a dozen of their boon companions.

"Hullo, here you are at last, Bourke," exclaimed the host, rising from the table at which he and his guests were seated—"just in time to join us in a game of lans quenet. Bon soir, Vaughan."

"Come, sit down, Bourke," cried another; "the captain is anxious to give you your revenge. Aren't you, Fenton?"

"Anxious is the word, egad," replied a burly individual in a red coat bedaubed with tarnished lace—a warrior whose cravat and ruffles were none of the cleanest, and whose blotchy face was glistening with carbuncles. "Revenge is sweet; sit down, Mr. Bourke."

"Oh, by the way, Bourke, I have a bit of news for you," said Edmondson. "Our old friend Lindsay—your old friend also, till you had that infernal set to with him at Flanders—is gone clean off his pate. He got the deuce of a knock on it at Fontenoy, when his regiment got mauled by the Irish Brigade, and his brain never recovered the shock—and never will. Mad he is and mad he shall remain till the hearse carries him to the family vault at Kilmore."

"Poor Guy! poor devil!" sympathized the carbuncly captain; "he was a fine fellow—a splendid officer—as dashing as ever wore an epaulette."

"Let him go to—Jericho. Deal the cards, Fenton, and don't bother us with your soldiering nonsense," was the advice of a young spark with a black eye, who, as the military man proceeded to shuffle the cards, took a long pipe from his mouth and trolled some fragments of the drinking song which the witty baron of the exchequer, Arthur Dawson, had composed to the music of Carolan:

"'Ye soldiers so stout,
With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
Who make such a rout
Of all your commanders
Who served as in Flanders
And eke at the Boyne:
Come leave off your rattling
Of sieging and battling,
And know you'd much better to sleep in whole bones:
Were you sent to Gibraltar
Your notes you'd soon altar
And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire Jones."

Ulick seated himself at the board in a dazed, listless kind of way. He started on a stake borrowed from his friend Vaughan. Luck favored him. In a short time the fell excitement of the gambler had resumed full sway over him as over his fellows. The evening wore on, the window shutters were closed, lights were brought in with fresh supplies of wine, and the passing hours but rivetted the party firmer to the card table.

Coming on the small hours of the morning Bourke's usual run of winning cards ceased all at once; the glittering heap of gold that had risen at his elbow rapidly declined, and at length disappeared altogether.

"By the great and immortal memory, Bourke is wiped out again!" exclaimed Fenton with a brutal laugh. "Ten to one he'll be staking his shoe-buckles now, or his vest, or that dingy old coat of his."

The wan look of despair on the face of the young master of Rappa was succeeded by a sudden flush of anger.

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, my gallant captain, or I'll cram my words down your throat."

"Will you, egad!" ejaculated the carbuncled one, who belonged to a family of notorious duellists. "Seeing that I can dint a farthing at twenty paces I presume I may discount that threat; so play on, old fellow."

"Here is a nobler stake than my old coat might be," said Ulick, producing from his pocket a bundle of papers which he tossed upon the table.

"What the dickens is it—a parcel of sandwiches, eh?"

"Better still—the title-deeds of Rappa."

"Come, now, that's what I call pluck," said the captain, glancing with increased attention at the roll of documents. "And you really mean to stake them?"

"I have said it and therefore mean it," replied Ulick doggedly.

"Heavens, man, are you mad!" whispered Vaughan. "What—gamble away your title-deeds? Be prudent, Ulick; think of yourself:—of your sister."

But the advice only seemed to pique and exasperate the unhappy master of Rapps. He persisted in staking the papers, and he lost!

About two hours later, when one of the party flung open the window-shutters, the crimson of the sunrise burst in upon as repulsive a scene of dissipation as could well be imagined; and among the haggard countenances that looked doubly haggard in the fresh radiance of morn the most ghastly of all was that of Ulick Bourke. Even many of the hardened *roues* shuddered as they noted his look of stark despair: they never forgot it afterwards.

"Even Captain Fenton, who had the title-deeds of old Rappa safe and secure in his capacious pocket, experienced a slight qualm of conscience.

When the party broke up and went their several ways the forlorn figure of Bourke was seen shambling towards the wood of Deel, where it was lost sight of among the trees.

A peasant poacher looking after his snares in a lonely part of the wood was alarmed to hear a shot fired within a few yards of him, and at first thought he had been surprised by Sir Arthur Gore's game keeper. Cautiously approaching the spot whence he had heard the report, he found a man lying face downwards among the weeds and wild flowers, a smoking pistol grasped in his hand. When he raised up the still warm corpse he was scarcely able to recognize the features of the last lord of Rappa. At the same time a wolf-dog raised a melancholy howl.

Alas, what a dark day of tribulation was that for Marion Bourke!

A few weeks after her brother's remains had been laid in an unhallowed grave Marion Bourke went forth for the last time from her old home—went forth an outcast, almost a beggar. Rappa had at last fallen into the hands of the stranger; never more should it know the rule of a Bourke.

Preparatory to returning to the Low Countries she took up her temporary residence in a cabin on the banks of Lough Conn; she, the daughter of a once proud and powerful race, the last and only survivor of an honored family, obliged to reside in the smoky hovel of a poor peasant!

Here she quietly awaited an opportunity of recrossing the water, holding counsel occasionally with the priest of the parish, who could now venture to appear in public without the risk of being seized and dragged to prison.

For within the previous month or two a great change for the better had taken place in the government of Ireland. The distinguished Earl of Chesterfield, Philip Dormer Stanhope, had been sent over on a manifest mission of conciliation to Irish Catholics—a very prudent step on the part of King George's cabinet, seeing that Prince Charles Edward and his Highlanders were dangerously triumphant in Scotland. The new viceroy had relaxed the stringency of the Penal Code, putting an end to the lucrative business of priest-hunting, and allowing the Catholic chapels even in Dublin itself to be opened for the celebration of mass.

In her poor secluded refuge Marion's days glided placidly by. Heartsore and wretched she was, of course, and full of a sad yearning to get away from the old place where every object served to remind her of the past, to increase her deep sense of loneliness and desolation. She shunned the familiar and beloved haunts she had known of yore, and wandered no more by the winding Deel. Since the death of Ulick the sight of the greenwood made her blood run cold. She dared not look in the direction of Rappa.

Her wonted walk was now the pebbly shore of the lake, and thus we find her sitting there one evening in the glow of the sunset, her seat a lichened rock beneath a lonely whitethorn, the wavelets plashing on the shore almost at her feet, the "fairy thimbles," like at me of the blue heaven, spangling the broken sward at her back.

Sweet and tranquil is the scene before her. How beauteous is the golden veil the sunset throws over the fair bosom of queenly Lough Conn! How nobly old Nephin raises his majestic purple crest into the heavens!

But her gaze is vacant and pensive. The murmur of the light waves is like a soft and gentle voice in her ear, calling up a host of tender and absorbing memories. Her eyes are dilated with a far away look, for her thoughts have sped to a distant land; they are with scarlet ranks drawn up in martial array beneath the lilied banner of St Louis, until she can almost hear the regular beat of feet marching to the music of "The White Cockade," until all unconsciously she murmurs the plaintive, wistful air, with its impassioned burthen of unavailing love, of hope deferred or blighted—the air oft breathed by many a bereaved maiden whose fond heart lay buried with her lover beneath the red clay of some "far foreign field":

"'Iwish I were on yonder hill,
'Tis there I'd sit and cry my fill,
And every tear would turn a mill,
A's go dteidh tu mo mhuirnin slan!

Siubhal, siubhal, siubhal a ruin,
Siubhal go socair, 'gus siubhal go cluin,
Siubhal go deil an dorus, agus caluigh Hom
A's go dtigidh tu, mo mhuirnin slan!"

Surely that was not the shadow of the whitethorn that moved nearer and nearer to her during the song, until at length it halted almost at her side? She turned with a start, only to find the eyes she had seen in her mental vision gazing upon her with a rapt look of affection.

"Fergus—you!"

"Yes, Marion."

How audacious he was, after all that had passed, to thus take her hand and retain it!

"Yes. I have come over to take a last look at the old place; blessed be the hour I took the notion, say I now! Who could have thought of finding you here? But a few minutes since and my heart was full to bursting with bitter thoughts of the might have been; now it is overflowing with rosy hope. You know what I would say, avourneen—shule aroon!"

* * * * *

Soft and mellow falls the sunshine on the banks of the broad Garonne, in the heart of the warm South. That white object gleaming amid the foliage of the small grove that surrounds the bijou dwelling on the slope is a statute—the statute of Erin, or "la belle Irlande," as the good folk about call it. See, she holds the orthodox harp in her hand, and the wolf-dog crouches in watchful defiance at her feet.

Beneath the statue there are a few children playing among the pretty parterres, while their nurse, a brown-featured old body, in a cap of enormous frill, sits knitting beneath the shade of the trees.

Down the walk from the house come a lady and gentleman arm in arm. He wears the uniform of a colonel of the Irish Brigade, and the cross of St Louis glitters on his bosom—for Fergus O'Ronan of Killibrone has got on remarkably well in the service of "the most Christian king."

Very frequently you may notice other red uniforms in the garden, and also the black cassock of an old clergyman. The uniforms belong to some of the colonel's brother officers and compatriots, who come to discuss their campaigns with him and fight their battles over again. The wearer of the cassock is an aged professor who occasionally pays a flying visit from the College des Irlandais in the neighboring city of Toulouse, and who is known to the French as l'Abbé d'Oloude.

An intimate friend of the family lives in the little town whose white houses you can see yonder amid the wooded hills. He keeps a flourishing auberge there, is married to a blithe, buxom, piquant dame of Gascony, and is called Monsieur Mac Masondreu.

* * * * *

Let us see what became of some of the more remarkable of the personages we met with in the course of our narrative.

Marshal Maurice Arminius de Saxe continued to wield his victorious baton until, more than three years after Fontenoy, peace was concluded between England, France, and the other belligerent powers by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. He then retired to the elegant country seat of Chambord, which had been presented to him by King Louis. Here he wrote his "Military Speculations," and here he was smitten by his death illness.

"You here see me, my friend, come to the end of a pleasant dream," said he to Senac, the king's doctor, who came to visit him; "such is the course of human greatness; it is nothing more than an illusion"—striking words, indeed, coming from such a man.

A grand funeral cortege escorted his remains to Strasbourg, where, without religious rite, they were interred in the Lutheran church, in which a graceful epitaph records his greatness.

Twelve years after Fontenoy the heroic and indomitable Count Lally was despatched to India to command the French army there and lead it against the English. In India he found everything in disorder—a very weak force, little provisions, no money. He made a gallant and ardent struggle, but could not ward off the inevitable under the circumstances. On his return to France he was made the scapegoat of the sins of those to whom failure and defeat were due. At the instigation of his enemies he was arrested and tried for a whole list of offenses, high treason included! Uncovering his grey head, baring his scarred breast to the sight of his judges, he joined his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven exclaiming:

"My God! is this the reward of forty years' faithful service as a soldier?"

Sentenced to death at the age of 65, he was gagged, placed in a mud cart, and drawn to the Place de la Greve, where the sword of the executioner severed his head from his body!

"They have assassinated him," was the exclamation of Louis V.

The valiant chief of the Brigade, Lord Clare, acquired great honor and distinction. He married a lady of noble rank, the Marchioness of Chiffreville, in Normandy; was made lieutenant general, governor of New Brisack, and eventually Marshal of France—after which he was known in France as the Marshal de Thomond. He survived Fontenoy sixteen years.

On his decease he was succeeded in command of the Regiment de Clare by another acquaintance of the reader's—Brigadier James Fitzgerald, first of the Regiment de Dillon, afterwards of that of Lally. Fitzgerald attained the rank of Maréchal de Camp. Fain would we trace the career of many a brave son of Innisfail who entered into our story, but we must be content with the words of Davis:

"On far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."

And so we bid adieu to the gallant and chivalrous band of soldier-exiles whose valor avenged their country's wrongs, humbled the might of England, and wrung from King George a heartfelt imprecation on the atrocious Penal Laws; whose native dash and daring, displayed on the battlefields of the continent, won them glorious and unsullied laurels under the White Cockade.

[THE END.]

Gaelic Games.

The Dublin *Independent* says: Gaelic pastimes still continue to grow apace under the healthy influences of the Stars and Stripes. The growth of our National games is stimulated by the genuine patronage of American democracy. The influence which for years have insidiously aimed at the destruction of this National association at home can nowhere obtain a foothold in the land of free institutions. The extent and power of the Gaelic Athletic Association are already greater in America than in Ireland, and while the constant drain of emigration is steadily thinning the athletic ranks here, new recruits are daily swelling the Gaelic forces beyond the water. They bring with them the medal, the caman, and their insignia of attachment to the parent branch. Those Irish hurlers' reputations have preceded them, and they are received into the American clubs as brothers.

For one in name and one in fame
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Seven families were evicted on Saturday fortnight on the estate of Lord Dillon, county Mayo. Three houses belonging to a tenant named Cooke were levelled to the ground. The work of destruction having been proceeded with without removing any of the furniture or effects the roof caught fire, and all its inflammable materials were soon in the ashes. The houses of Patrick Dunleavy and Tomas Mulligan were also demolished.

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Goillis Na g-Cos Dubh.

Bhi buachaill i g-condae Mhuigh-Eó, agus nior nigh sé cos ó rugadh é. Goillis an t-ainm a bhi air, agus nar nach d tiocfadh le duine air bith do chur d'fhiachaibh air a chosa nighe, thug siad "Goillis na g-cos dubh" air mar ainm. Is minic a dubhairt an t-athair leis, "éirigh, a stóinse, agus nigh thú féin," acht diabhal cos d'éirdeadh sé, agus diabhal cos nighfeadh sé. Ni raibh aon mhaith i g-caint leis. Bhidheadh uile dhuine deunadh magadh faoi, mar gheall air a cosaibh salacha, acht ni raibh aon t-suim no beann aige lonuta. D'fheudfá rud air bith a ráth leis, acht do bhéidheadh a thoil féin aige 'na a dhiaigh sin.

Aon oidhche amháin bhi an mhuirighin uile 'nna suidhe ag an teine, agus ag innsint sgeul agus ag deunadh grinn dóibh féin, agus bhi seisean 'nna measg. Dubhairt an t-athair leis. "A Ghoillis," ar sé, 'tá tú bliadhain agus fiche d'aois anocht, agus creidim nár nigh tú do chosa o'n lá a rugadh thú go dti seois." "Thug tú d'fírbeach," ar Goillis 'bhi mé ag smámh lá Bealtaine, agus nior fheud mé mo chosa chongbháil as an uisge." "Bhi siad chomh salach a's bhi siad ariamh nuair tt áinig tú chum na tráighe," ar san t-athair. "Bhi siad sin, go cinnte.', ar Goillis. 'Sin é an rud atá mé radh," ar san t-athair, 'nach raibh ionnat do chosa nighe riamh." "Agus ni nighfead go lá mo bháis "ar Goillis. A bhitheamhnaigh bhradaigh! a bhodaighil a thiucéir! a stróinse gan mhaith; cad é 'n sórt freagartha é sin?" ar san t-athair agus tharraing sé a lámh agus bhuail sé doru cruaidh air Ghoillis air a leith-ceann. "bi 'g imtheacht," ar sé. "ni fheudaim seasaim leat."

D'éirigh Goillis agus chuir sé a lámh chum a ghéill, 'n áit a bhfuair sé an dorn. "Acht gur tusa a'á ann," ar sé, "do thug an buille sin dam, buille eile ni bhuailfeá go bráth." Chuaidh sé amach as an teach agus fearg mór air.

Do bhi an t-ios no an ráth budh bhreágha do bhi ann Eirinn sgathadh beag ó bhinn an tighe, agus budh gnáth leis go minic suidhe síos air an mbaile breágh fód do bhi 'nna thimchioll. She a sé, agus é nna leath-luidhe, ag dian an tighe ag dearcadh suas air an speur, agus ag breathnughadh air an ngealaigh aoibhinn ghil do bhi os a chionn, agus d'fan sé ann sin le cúpla uair gan cor do chur as. 'R éis é do bheith 'na sheasamh mar sin le cupla uair dubhairt sé leis féin, "Mo leun geur! nach bhfuil mé imthighthe as an áit so uile go léir, b fheárr liom bheith ann áit air bith air an domhan na ann so. Och, nach aoibhinn é dhuit-se, a ghealach bháin," ar se, "á tú dul thart dul thart mar is mian leat féin, agus ni taig le duine air bith do bharradh na do chur air geúl. Mo bhrón gan mise mar thú!" Is air éigin do bhi an focal sin as a bheul nuair chualaidh se torann mór ag teacht, mar thoraun mórain daoine ag rith le chéile, agus ag caint, agus ag gáire, agus ag deunadh grion, agus chualdh an torann thart mar fromhaigoithe, (tormán gaoithe) agus bhi sé ag éisteacht leis dul asteach annsan ráth. "Maiseadh, dar m' anam," ar sé. "tá sibh-se súgach go leor, agus leanfaidh me sibh."

Creud do bhi ann acht an Sluagh-sidhe, acht ni raibh fhios aige i d-tosach gurb iad do bhi ann, acht leau séiad asteach annsa ráth. Chuaidh sé an "fulparnaigh 's an falparnaigh," an "rap-le-t dte," agus an ru ullo-bualle do bhi aca ann sin, agus gach uile dhuine acu ag glaodhach amach go h-árd, "Mo shrian, mo chapall, 's mo dhiallaid! Mo shrian, mo chapall, 's mo dhiallaid!"

"Dar mo lámh," ar Goillis an buachaill, "ni h-olc é sin, deunfaidh mise aithris orraibh," agus ghlaodh seisean amach chor leó, "Mo shrian, mo chapall, 's mo dhiallaid, mo shrian mo chapall 's mo dhiallaid," agus air an mómid bhi capall breágh le sriain óir agus diallaid 'na sheasamh os a chomhair. Léim sé suas air, agus an mómid do bhi sé uir a dhruim chuir sé é go soilléir go raibh an ráth lán de chapaillaibh agus dé dhaoinibh beaga cul ag marcuighneachd orra.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

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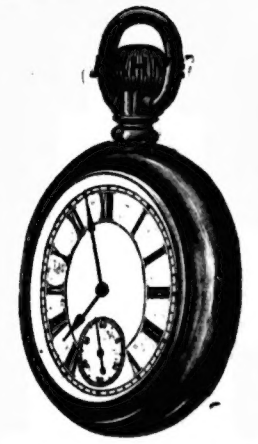

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"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside" a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger" hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $22.10.

No. 39 Gold filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No. 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.75. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain seven jewels, stem winder and setter, and all improvements. This watch is just as good and handsome as a solid gold watch. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free for only $9.50. The above watch is especially suitable for girls. It is full ladies' size. The Waltham and Elgin companies make no distinction between ladies' and girls' watches.

How to order a watch—Select the one you desire to purchase and mention it by number. Give your own name, Postoffice, County and State plainly written. Enclose the price of the watch by draft, Postoffice Money Order, Express Money Order, or Registered Letter, and address

"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

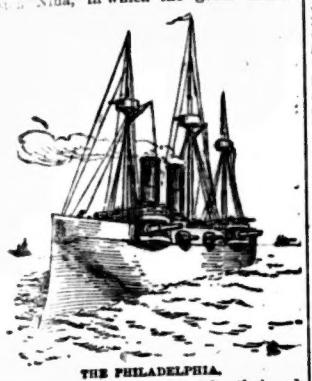
GREAT AQUATIC PARADE

Magnificent Spectacle in New York Bay.

THIRD DAY OF THE CELEBRATION.

The Great Naval Pageant Witnessed by Hundreds of Thousands of People from All Points of Vantage—Foreign Vessels Escorted by United States War Vessels—The Police Patrol Comprised of Tug Boats—An Inspiring Scene.

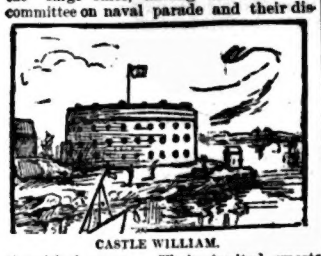
NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—New York commemorated Tuesday paid tribute to the memory of Columbus. The vast business of the great seaport of the world was practically suspended, and more than three hundred steamers and tug boats, the largest of them larger than the 75-ton caravel Maria," the 50-ton "Pinta," or the 40-ton "Nina," in which the great discoverer and his companions made their adventurous voyage, dropped their ordinary avocations, and formed in majestic holiday parade to do him honor. With every favoring condition of skies and weather, with the crisp clear air of the early fall bringing out in sharp outline every object on the dancing waters and along the shores of New York's matchless bay and harbor the naval pageant was a spectacle to be once seen and always remembered. Not even the famous roadstead of Spithead (England's great naval review ing ground), with all its surrounding panorama of beautiful scenery, could surpass it. From the green heights of Fort Wadsworth, on the western shore, at the entrance to the Narrows, eastward to the shoals of Rockaway and the sandy reaches of the Hook, southward to the highlands of the Navesink, and northward to the dim blue outlines of the palisades and the grassy slopes of Riverside, afar up the Hudson, the scene was one of marvellous life and beauty. And all New York was there to see it.



THE PHILADELPHIA.

A City on the Sea.

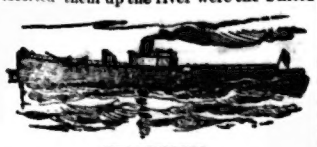
Every one of the 250 steamers, tugs and yachts forming the escorting fleet, as well as each of the vessels composing the naval militia, was crowded with guests. New York became for the nonce a city on the sea. All the points of view in the harbor and along the bay, Liberty island, Staten island, Governor's island, the upper stories and roofs of all the great buildings in the city, and both shores of the Hudson were thronged with spectators. Shortly after 10 o'clock the steam tug Howard Carroll left the barge office, having on board the committee on naval parade and their distinguished guests. Their invited guests included Vice President Morton; Secretary Charles Foster, of the treasury; Secretary Tracy and Assistant Secretary Soley, of the navy; Governor Flower and his personal staff and other dignitaries. The steamers Sam Sloan, Mattawan and Mohawk, having on board the committee of one hundred and its numerous guests, left the foot of Leroy street about the same time and steamed down the bay. The parade centered and revolved round the foreign naval visitors, the warships of France, Italy and Spain. They had been lying anchored for several days in the Hudson river in the neighborhood of Twenty-third street.



CASTLE WILLIAM.

The Point of Reception.

Some time in the early morning they got up steam, weighed anchor, and dropped down the river to the point of reception in Gravesend bay, and there anchored to await events. The vessels were the Arethusa, flagship of the French Atlantic squadron, which, by virtue of its rank, led the way; the Hussard, another French gunboat; the Italian cruiser Giovanni Bausan, and the Spanish man-of-war Infanta Isabel. None of them is especially a specimen of the modern improved warship. Their presence was a matter of sentiment; not a display of moral force. Waiting in attendance on the foreign visitors at the reception point, prepared to escorted them up the river were the United States squadron, commanded by Commodore Erben, U. S. N., consisting of the flagship Philadelphia, the armored cruiser Miantonomoh, the dispatch boats Atlanta and Dolphin, the dynamite gunboat Vesuvius, the coast survey steamer Blake, the revenue cutters Grant and Dexter, and the lighthouse steamer Armenia, together with the torpedo boat Cushing, assigned for the use of the director of the parade, S. Nicholson Kane. Down in the upper bay, just north of the narrows, lay two long lines of anchored vessels, 250 or more of the pick of New York's merchant marines, which were to compose the escorting fleet.



THE VESUVIUS.

The Signal to Start.

The escorting fleet was composed of two squadrons, each of ten divisions, in charge of senior officers and numbering 100 vessels in each squadron. The starboard column formed to the eastward of the center of the channel, with its right resting at a point opposite the dry dock, Brooklyn. The port column formed to the westward of the center of the channel, its right resting at a point abreast of Oyster island. At 12:30 the signal to start was given and the column formed. First came the naval militia of the state of New York, under the command of J. W. Miller consisting of the tugs of the Pennsylvania and Erie railroads; of the Bee Transportation line, and of the New York Lighterage company. These, divided into four squadrons, formed the patrol line of the parade. Every tug as it fell into line sounded its shrill whistle, and the

THE MIANTONOMOH.

deep-voiced fog signals of the larger steamers bellowed response. These were but the police to clear the way. Swiftly darting through the water came the torpedo boat Cushing, the flagship of the parade, Commodore S. N. Kane, on board, and its three attendant vidette boats—the steam yachts Aida, Allegra, and Helvetia. Next in order was the steamer Howard Carroll with the distinguished guests of the naval committee. Then the visiting warships and the United States naval squadron escorting them at the rate of about seven knots, with the visitors in the center. The flagship Philadelphia headed the starboard column, followed by the Dolphin and Vesuvius. The Miantonomoh headed the port column, followed by the Atlanta and Blake.

Having a Good Time.

The three steamers of the committee of one hundred fell in after the war vessels and headed the column of the escorting fleet. So they moved through the long double row of gayly decked waiting vessels, bands playing, whistles blowing, flags dippings, yards manned and and every possible display of enthusiasm being made. When the last boat of the war fleet had run the gauntlet of this peaceful holiday making flotilla the escorting vessels weighed anchor and followed in set order in their wake. The first division, flying the municipal flag of the city of New York, with its conspicuous crossed anchors, was headed by the tugs of the dock and fire departments and consisted of a special division of chartered steamers. The signs of merriment on board these well appointed steamers were too obvious for concealment. Evidently all on board were having the best of times. The second division was under the command of Vice Commander E. D. Morgan of the New York Yacht

THE CUSHING.

club, with Chester Griswold as fleet captain. It was comprised of steamer yachts. The third and fourth divisions comprised the Staten Island, Brooklyn and North river ferry boats. The other six were miscellaneous steamers and tugs.

The National Salute.

As the warships which had been anchored in the lower bay passed Forts Wadsworth and Lafayette at 12:50 o'clock the guns of those forts boomed out a national salute of twenty-one guns, which was taken up by the Philadelphia, and under its lead, by the other vessels of the squadron, and returned by the visitors. The roar of the great guns was deafening and continuous and the smoke lay over the water in such dense masses that steering for a time became difficult and under instructions previously given the speed was slowed down until the air once more cleared. Passing Governor's island another national welcome of twenty-one guns burst from the rudely walls of Castle William and again was echoed back in thunderous reverberations by the fleet.

CELEBRATION AT NEW HAVEN.

The Knights of Columbus Take Possession of the City.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., Oct. 11.—The Knights of Columbus of the state of Connecticut took possession of the city early Tuesday morning and celebrated the quadro-centennial of the discovery of America in a manner worthy of the occasion. The total number of men in the parade was placed at 6,000, while it is safe to say that there were at least 30,000 strangers in the city.

Historical Floats.

The official programme enumerated sixty-five councils and thirty-six brass bands from all parts of the state. These were divided up into seven sections. The fourth division contained the prominent feature of the pageant. These were floats to represent events in the time of Columbus. Each float was drawn by six horses, led by costumed grooms. A number of triumphal arches spanned the streets at different points on the line of march and were handsomely decorated. Residents and shopkeepers on the streets traversed by the procession were generous with bunting and gay colors.

TWO STUDENTS SHOT.

They Trespassed Upon a Farmer's Land After Being Warned.

LAWRENCE, Kan., Oct. 11.—Fred Bassett, a farmer, shot and seriously wounded E. Higgins and Jack Cracoft, students of the Kansas university, because they walked across his land which he had warned all the students to keep off of. Both were members of the University foot ball team and returning home from a practice game. The shooting was done with a double barreled shotgun. Higgins' wounds are probably fatal, his left hand and arm being torn away and a number of shots lodged in his left breast. Cracoft is shot in the right leg but will recover. Bassett has been arrested and acknowledges that he did the shooting.

Wisconsin Legislature.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 11.—Governor Peck Monday issued a call for a special session of the legislature to enact another new legislative apportionment law to take the place of gerrymander No. 2, recently overthrown by the supreme court. The legislature will convene at 8 o'clock next Monday evening. The session will probably last two or three days.

Cleveland Arrives at New York.

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Ex-President Cleveland and his wife arrived in the city yesterday, and went to Victoria hotel, where they watched the school parade and then returned to Greenwich, Conn.

Mrs. Harrison Grows Weaker.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—Mrs. Harrison continues to grow weaker as the disease exhausts her vitality. She passed Monday night only fairly well.

STUDENTS ON PARADE.

Second Day of New York's Columbian Celebration.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND IN LINE.

An Interesting Demonstration of the Educational Forces Which Has Given the World Its Strongest Impetus—Seventeen Hundred Pretty School Girls in the Form of the American Shield—Three Hundred Indian Boys from Carlisle School.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—Monday was public school day in the order of festivities of New York's Columbian celebration. It was the second movement in the following grand symphony arranged for the occasion: 1. Religious observances. 2. Educational display. 3. Naval procession. 4. Military parade. 5. General rejoicing and banquet. The prayers and religious exercises of Saturday and Sunday—participated in by all creeds and denominations—were fitly followed by an equally interesting demonstration of the educational forces which have given the New World its strongest and upward impetus. Results of more than two hundred and fifty years of educational work were represented in the parade, for the first school founded by the old Dutch settlers in 1663, in that part of "New Amsterdam," now known as West Seventy-seventh street, is still in existence and is called the school of the Reformed church. Today New York owns 100 public school houses, representing an estimated value in sites and buildings of over $15,000,000, and provides education in its grammar schools for more than two hundred and sixty thousand pupils, boys and girls.

The Boys Well Drilled.

Twenty regiments of grammar school boys of New York and Brooklyn and Long Island and Jersey City, each regiment at least 500 strong, marched with swinging step and perfect linement in the parade Monday, every boy proudly carrying a flag of his country, prepared to honor and defend it. And this was only one division of the parade. They had been preparing for the occasion for weeks past, drilling in the armories of the Sixty-ninth and Twelfth regiments and in other buildings placed at their disposal and in the open squares, so that their discipline should be complete and their marching faultless as possible. Every boy entered into the patriotic spirit of the occasion. There were three other divisions of equal patriotic purpose. In the second division came the pupils of the parochial schools, academies and colleges of the Catholic church in New York and adjacent cities, over 9,000 strong, each pupil also carrying the national flag in connection with the emblems and banners of the churches and academies to which they belong.

After them followed the uniformed schools and last the students of maturer years from the different colleges of law, medicine, engineer, and the arts, about 4,500 strong; 1,000 from Columbia college; 1,200 from the University of New York; 1,200 from the under graduate college; 250 from the College of Dentists, etc. In the third division of the procession was a medley composed of numerous institutes. It comprised Hebrew orphan asylum; German, Italian, and French institutions of various characters, intermixed with trades schools, business colleges, military institutes and mechanics' societies, with 1,000 "Young Dalton volunteers," whatever they may be, and sixty "glittering spears." Altogether it is probable that there were fully 25,000 scholars and students in the procession. The din of the different bands was at times confusing and discordant in the extreme, perhaps unavoidably so from the large number of bands and the short intervals of separation. Cappa's fine Seventh regiment band led with fifty pieces.

The Girls' Part.

The girl scholars, who were denied participation in the parade, were assigned a peculiarly appropriate and ornamental part in the proceedings. Artistically grouped on a stand in the reservoir square, at the junction of Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, were nearly seventeen hundred pretty faced school girls each wearing a liberty cap and costumed in red, white and blue respectively. The tableaux had been so arranged beforehand that on the approach of the procession almost instantaneously each one of the smiling, bright faced children so disposed themselves and their costumes as to present the effect of the American shield, with three American flags, artistically bunched on each side of it. The fluttering, quivering motions of the admirably arranged bands of colors as 1,700 sweet girl voices sang "The Star Spangled Banner" and other patriotic songs while their gallant boy fellow-students tramped past with quickened step and ringing cheers must have left a lasting impression of the Columbian school day celebration on the minds of thousands of the rising generation.

But the feature of the parade which perhaps attracted more attention than any other along the line, was the march of, not "Six little Indian boys," but 300 of them from the Carlisle, Pa., Indian Industrial school, accompanied by their own band of music and partly dressed in Indian costume, partly in uniform of their school. These sturdy going warriors of different tribes who are fighting a way to civilization for themselves and their race by means of practical education in agricultural and the mechanical arts, as well as in the ordinary grammar school methods of study, had been drilled and trained for exhibition in Chicago, in the Columbian opening ceremonies there. They admirably illustrated the fact that education and milder and more humanizing methods than those originally pursued, are surely and even rapidly elevating in the scale of civilization the race whom Columbus found in sole possession of the country he claimed by right of Christian discovery.

Veteran Reserved Force.

There was one other reflection which impressed itself upon all those among the spectators of the parade who had witnessed the recent memorable encampment of the G. A. R. in Washington, which was, that while in that wonderfully vigorous and well preserved body of men the United States had a veteran reserve force of which the greatest European nation might be proud, in these scholars and students there was a young growth of military patriotism which promised well for the future peace and security of the country. The route of the procession was from the neighborhood of Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, near the lower entrance to Central park, down Fifth avenue to Seventeenth and Union square, thence around the square to Fourteenth street, to Fifth avenue again and down that thoroughfare to Washington square, West Fourth street and Broadway, at which point the signal to disband was given.

USED A DYNAMITE BOMB.

Attempt to Blow Up a Non-Union Boarding House at Homestead.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 7.—An attempt was made to blow up a non-union boarding house in Homestead with dynamite Friday morning. No one was hurt but the house was badly damaged and the occupants badly frightened. Mrs. Marron keeps the boarding house. She used to live in this city but went to Homestead some time ago. All of her boarders were non-union workers in the Homestead mill and there were thirty-five of them. The dining room was on the first floor and the sleeping rooms on the second. In the front of the house, used as the dining room, were large show windows, for the first floor had been built for a store.

The Explosion.

One of the side windows had been broken for some time and it was through this that the perpetrator of the deed worked. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when the cartridge was thrown through this window into the dining room. It struck the floor and a terrific explosion followed. All the windows were broken and a large hole torn in the floor, through which many things were hurled into the cellar below. The beds on the second floor were thrown six feet up in the air and the occupants tumbled to the floor. No one was hurt but the most intense excitement followed.

The Military Called Out.

The boarding house, known as the Mansion House, was soon surrounded by officers and the military was called out. In the excitement and darkness the perpetrator escaped. The strike leaders claim that the deed was performed by others than strikers. They say that it has been done with the purpose of keeping the soldiers here and also to again change public opinion favorable to the Carnegie firm.

CRESPO'S TRIUMPH ABSOLUTE.

Complete Overthrow of the De Facto Government of Venezuela.

NEW YORK, Oct. 10.—A special cable to The Herald from Curacoa says that news is received of the complete overthrow of the de facto government and the overthrow of its troops near Los Teques, where they had been stationed to protect the capitol. It was a short but decisive battle, the Crespists having the advantage from the outset. The Villegas-Pulido soldiers fled in utter rout, many hands being taken prisoners, among them their commander-in-chief.

Advanced on the Capital.

A complete list of the killed and wounded cannot yet be had. General Crespo's advance upon the capital was unopposed. Villegas Pulido and cabinet have fled, it is rumored, for Europe. The last act of the Villegas-Pulido government was the cancellation of the exequators of both the American and British vice consuls. Details are almost unattainable, but it seems certain that Crespo's triumph is absolute and the revolution at an end.

AFFAIRS IN CHILI.

Minister Egan Says the Country Is Quiet and Likely to Remain So.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—Hon. Patrick Egan, minister to Chili, paid an official call at the state department Saturday. In the absence of Secretary Foster and Assistant Secretaries Wharton and Adee he paid his respects to the third assistant secretary, Mr. Grinnell, and presented to him a copy of the treaty between Chili and the United States concerning indemnities to American citizens.

Mr. Egan spoke in the highest terms of his treatment by the Chilian officials and said that when he left Chili affairs in that country were quiet and likely to remain so. Mr. Egan said that he had no intention of resigning by remarking that he would return to Chili on the expiration of his leave of absence. He will remain in Washington until Wednesday when Secretary Foster is expected to return.

NORTHEN RE-ELECTED.

The Democratic Ticket Carries the Day in Georgia.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 6.—Governor Northen and the entire Democratic ticket were elected Wednesday. As the returns come in there are several surprising features. Not the least of these is the People's party vote, which falls far below what it was expected to reach. Another point is the record of bloodshed. From many points come reports of the killing of negroes and white men. The election was spirited. The People's party leaders at all points opened the day in a halting way. By 9 o'clock they admitted the possibility of defeat and they practically gave up work, save here and there, where a seat in the legislature was at stake. Governor Northen's majority will be over 50,000.

Death of Lord Tennyson.

LONDON, Oct. 6.—Lord Tennyson died thirty-five minutes past 1 o'clock Thursday morning. His passing away was calm and peaceful. Sir Andrew Clarke, who attended the poet in his last hours, said, just after leaving the death chamber, that Lord Tennyson's end was beautiful. "In all my experience," said the eminent physician, "I never witnessed anything more glorious. There were no artificial lights in the chamber. All was darkness except for the silver light of the full moon which fell upon the bed and played across the features of the dying poet like the halo of one of Rembrant's pictures." Hallam Tennyson, the poet's son, said: "The end was beautiful, calm and painless. He passed away as if in sleep. The watchers could hardly distinguish the final moment."

Railway Wreck in Ohio.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 10.—At 10 o'clock Friday night a freight and a passenger train, both running at a fair rate of speed came together on a curve about two miles west of Xenia, O., on the Miami division of the Panhandle railroad. Engineer Joseph Nichols was caught between the boiler-head and tender of his engine. Fireman Van Horn jumped from the passenger engine, but it is thought was fatally injured. The crew on the freight train escaped by jumping. A number of the passengers were badly bruised, but none of them seriously injured.

The Poet Laureate's Funeral.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—It has now been settled that the funeral services over the remains of Lord Tennyson will be held in the parish church at Haslemere on Monday. On Wednesday the remains will be interred in the poet's corner of Westminster Abbey, where they will lie next to the grave of Browning. There will be a full choral service at the funeral.

New Free Delivery Service.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—On Dec. 1, 1892, free delivery service will be established at the following postoffices: Austin, Tex.; Watertown, Wis.; Independence, La.; Ashtabula, O.; Guthrie, O. T.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Important Happenings Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Tobacco consumption is increasing in Great Britain.

Six hundred Norwegian families are to be located as a colony in Lane county, Or.

John Muenster, aged 3 years, was killed at Bloomington, Ills., by the Chicago limited on the Alton. He was playing on the track, and was too much frightened to get out of the way.

A Rochester physician who has been experimenting on the subject, avers that the mosquito can readily be exterminated by the use of petroleum.

A woman who died recently in the Norristown asylum had not spoken to any one in eleven years.

John Armstrong was kicked to death by a colt near Hillsboro, Ills.

William Tiffit and Ad Scott, two miners at Carbondale, Ia., quarrelled while intoxicated, and Tiffit shot Scott, inflicting a fatal wound.

The governor of Louisiana has appointed twenty-six aids-de-camp to attend upon him on state occasions.

Frederick Gleason, the founder, in a certain sense, of illustrated journalism, is an inmate of a home for the aged in Boston.

Statistics show that 7,000 persons are murdered in this country every year, and only one murderer in fifty is punished.

Thirty-six pigs of silver and lead bullion were stolen from the St. Louis smelting works last week. Detectives discovered all hidden along the wagon roads. Two men have been arrested.

A busy woman is Mrs. Emma Drew of South Norridgewock, Me. She runs a small farm, keeps a horse and cow, raises butter for market, cares for her five children, does her own housework, and also teaches a school of seventeen children five days in the week.

James Hughes, master workman of the Garment Workers' union, Knights of Labor, has finally been sentenced by the court of oyer and terminer at Rochester, N. Y., to one year in the penitentiary. Hughes was convicted of extortion in 1891, and the case was affirmed on appeal.

* * *

The flour mill at New Athens, Ills., was burned. Loss, $40,000; insurance, $15,000.

Bay state Republicans held two meetings in Boston—one in Faneuil hall and one in Music hall, both halls unable to hold the crowds. Whitelaw Reid and Governor McKinley were the principal speakers.

Among Siberian curiosities for the World's fair, recently landed at San Francisco, are five live Russian sables. They are about the size of a gray fox, and their highly prized brown fur is like velvet.

The Wisconsin Unitarians at Milwaukee decided to unite with the Minnesota church in employing a missionary to do general work in extending the Unitarian church.

Democrats of North Dakota and Idaho have withdrawn their electoral tickets and indorsed the electors of the People's party.

Michigan Democrats in their state convention at Lansing nominated Judge William Newton of Flint for the supreme bench to succeed Justice Morse. Newton is also the nominee of the People's party.

Carl Schurz says he can bring 80 per cent. of all the German voters in New York to vote an anti-snap mayoralty ticket if one be put up.

Five priests, all brothers, Hickey by name, recently officiated at the same altar in Cincinnati.

There will be 7,500 firemen in line in New York's Columbian parade.

Lincoln university, the colored college at Lincoln, Chester county, Pa., has reopened with 250 students enrolled.

Bass, the ossified man, had a morbid fear of the anatomist, and dreaded being carved or chiseled by them after death. To avoid this he ordered that his remains be placed in an ironclad, thief-proof vault so that they could not get at him.

Over an inch of snow fell in Beauce, Que.

* * *

Eighty-two paintings, valued at $110,000, which a woman had smuggled into New York were seized in that city by the customs authorities who refuse to disclose her name except to say she is the divorced wife of a prominent New York manufacturer.

Judge Hunt of the Ohio supreme court in a decision restored the Wesleyan Female college of Cincinnati to the trustees, deciding against the claims of the Rev. W. E. Brown.

Any one lending letters of Whittier to the poet's biographer, S. T. Pickard of Portland, Me., will have them properly cared for and duly returned.

The school for Hindoo widows, for which the Pundita Ramabia was collecting funds in this country three or four years ago, has been constructed at Poona and dedicated.

The Arion Musical society of Milwaukee has decided to accept an invitation to attend the World's fair in June.

General Howard will make a pleasure trip to Spain, and unofficially inspect the fortress at Gibraltar.

The Indiana supreme court has refused to advance on its docket for an early hearing the suit recently appealed to test the constitutionality of the apportionment acts of 1885 and 1891.

A posse is hunting John Van Metes of Idaho, Ky., for the purpose of hanging him for the murder of his wife and infant.

There will soon be celebrated at Scranton, Pa., the golden jubilee of Bishop O'Hara, with one exception the oldest Catholic priest in this country.

In the case of James Belden against ex-Judge Burke and others and the Columbus, Toledo and Hocking Valley railroad, which involves about $8,000,000, Judge Ingham, at New York, has handed down a decision giving judgment for the defendants.

Ex-Governor Foraker of Ohio appeared in the Cincinnati police court one day last week in behalf of an employe of an electric light company, arrested for violating some city ordinance.

Beginning with a hail storm Buffalo weather developed a light snow which, however, melted as fast as it fell.

William B. Davenport, the public administrator of Brooklyn, is a collector of scarf pins. Rumor has it that 365 pins, one for each day in the year, comprises Mr. Davenport's collection.

The latest addition to the ranks of royal authors is said to be the beautiful Queen Margherita of Italy. According to a Naples journal she wrote a number of poems this last summer, but declines to allow even King Humbert to read them.

* * *

The steamer Harlaw, Captain Farquhar, from Newfoundland and Cape Breton ports, brings intelligence to Halifax, N. S., that there are a great number of persons in a destitute condition at Currant Island owing to the fish having been scarce. One man with a family of four children has three quintals of fish and nothing else to last him until the next fishing season.

Alex. Krucks and William Otto, frescoers, while working on the fourth story of Newell's hotel in Pittsburg, fell to the cellar from the scaffold and were fatally injured.

Horace Brown, a Columbus, O., capitalist, will establish a glass factory at Grand Haven, Mich.

The business portion of the town of Johnstown, O., was almost destroyed. Loss, $40,000; fully insured.

The remains of Albert W. Johnston of Pierre, S. D., were found in Whisky gulch with a note stating that he had shot himself.

In Lenone county, N. C., a negro farmhand named Wakefield fatally shot and cut his wife and two colored men. He is in jail.

Mrs. Mitchell Cook of Otis, Ills., was mudered at her home by burglars, it is supposed. The body was found in the house, which had been completely ransacked.

C. A. Pillsbury has been elected president of the Minneapolis chamber of commerce.

Richard Vaux of Philadelphia is proud of many achievements and of many honor heaped upon him, but of none so much as of the fact that he is the only living American who ever had the honor of dancing with Queen Victoria. This famous dance occurred during the time he was secretary of the American legation at London, from 1837 to 1840.

Charles F. Wingate, sanitary engineer, discussing danger from cholera next spring, says that if he had his way in New York he would "tear down 500 notoriously infected tenement houses and clear away every congested center where zymotic disease has prevailed for years."

Pleasant McCoy, a member of the McCoy faction of the famous Hatfield-McCoy fued, was convicted of murder in Pike county, Ky., and sentenced to life imprisonment.

De Witte, the newly appointed Russian minister of finance, was fifteen years ago a mere village station master on the railroad line from Kieff to Odessa.

The schedule of Putnam & Co., manufacturers of metal bedsteads at Boston, shows liabilities of $105,966 and assets of $93,514, besides an equity in buildings and machinery.

* * *

The United States is reported to have 73,084 paupers in almhouses.

But 7½ per cent. of Bulgaria's population can read or write.

The recent investiture of Archbishop Vaughan with the pallium is the first ceremony of the kind that has taken place in England since Queen Mary's time. Archbishops Manning and Wiseman having been invested at Rome.

The Deerhorn mine in the Cripple creek district of Colorado has been sold for $400,000 to T. F. Walsh and associates of Denver.

The 200th anniversary of the first settlement of Germans in America under Pastorious was celebrated at Philadelphia.

Judge McMahon, at Toronto, the other day ruled that two prisoners before him, charged with trying to relieve a case of cancer of the liver by faith cure, could not be held, as the dead man had insisted on their treatment and refused to engage a physician.

Colonel Higgins of the Twenty-eighth Ohio volunteers presented to the North Carolina Grays at Raleigh, N. C., their flag captured in battle by his regiment. The flag was then presented to the state and accepted by the governor.

Governor Fifer offered a reward of $200 for the arrest of Alfred Legiers, alias Fred Legiers, wanted in Iroquois county for the killing James O'Donnell.

James W. Husted's will occupied but two minutes in the reading. Chauncey M. Depew is the only surviving executor.

Before going abroad the other day Editor Dana of the New York Sun paired his vote with a Republican.

W. E. Keeley, an ex-district attorney of Dodge county, Wis., has been arrested charged with forgery.

The "army of heaven" is coming to New York. It is a rival of the Salvationists.

John and Thomas Clark, aged 21 and 23 years respectively, were arrested at La Porte, Ind., while cracking a safe.

Joseph Gibbs of Patterson, N. J., smoked 100 cigarettes within eight hours for a wager of $20.

According to the census just completed, India has a population of 280,000,000.

A white female child born recently in Washington has "six toes on each foot and seven well-developed fingers on either hand."

A fire in Grafton, N. D., caused a loss of $40,000; partially insured. Three business houses were destroyed.

* * *

A contrivance has been invented by Mrs. Harriet M. Plumb of New York for keeping cars supplied with fresh air without the annoyance of cinders.

Thomas Monroe was sentenced to imprisonment in Kansas City, Kan., for assaulting his wife. She attempted to hand him a vial of poison. It was knocked from her hand and she was arrested.

Burglars entered the notion and jewelry store of R. H. Jeruselem at Indianapolis and carried away plunder aggregating $4,000 in value.

That Tired Feeling

The marked benefit which people overcome by That Tired Feeling derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla, conclusively proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well known merchant of Auburn, Maine, says: "About five years ago I began to suffer with very severe **pain in my Stomach**, gradually growing worse. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, being convinced that I was troubled with **Dyspepsia** complicated with **Liver and Kidney** troubles. I improved at once and am certainly very much better and feel more like working.

Mr. J. B. Emerton.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

always gives me relief and great comfort. **It is a God-send** to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 15, 1892.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Miss Rosina Vokes.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Russell's Comedians.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Mr. Richard Mansfield.

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—W. H. Crane in "The Senator."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union James J. Corbett.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"The Pulse of New York."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE COLUMBIAN CELEBRATIONS.

This week New York city has paid befitting respect to the memory of the great Columbus. It has with a truly patriotic spirit celebrated the 400th anniversary of that eventful epoch when to all practical intents and purposes this continent was discovered by the daring and intrepid Genoese. The Empire City has honored itself in honoring the illustrious admiral who—all unconsciously though it was—gave a new hemisphere to mankind; who opened up hitherto unknown and ever widening avenues to the grit and enterprise of millions; and who in himself reunited, so to speak, some of the best characteristics of the modern American: a spirit of ceaseless push and energy, a soul whose ardor no reverses can damp and a brain that wins in the battle of life because it has willed and resolved to win. As New York did this week, so shall Chicago do next. Here where the first settlers from Europe were Catholic missionaries who brought the light of faith to the benighted Indians that swarmed around the waters of Lake Michigan, it is singularly appropriate that the celebration in honor of the distinguished Catholic discoverer should eclipse in eclat even the demonstration that has just taken place in New York. Chicago geographically is nearer the heart of the United States than any other great city from the Atlantic to the Pacific coasts. It is, moreover, or rather it will be the scene of an international Columbian Exposition which shall be without peer or rival, and as much a triumph for America itself as for Chicago. Next week this Garden City will rise to the level of the occasion, and prove once more to all concerned that whenever its citizens take anything in hands, they are bound to carry it out, with the enthusiasm and success of men who knew how to build in a comparatively short space of time this mighty capital of the West out of the smoke and debris of a fiery wilderness.

New York and Chicago are not alone in commemorating the quadrc-centenary of the New World's discovery. All over this continent the bells ring, the trumpets peal, and the voices of millions rise in one grand chorus of thanks for the bountiful blessings to humanity wrought under God by the advent of Columbus to these shores. The priest will chant the nation's gratitude, clad in gorgeous vestments at the steps of many an altar. Preachers of all creeds and communions will intone a "Te Deum" from their respective pulpits; and congregations innumerable will join with enthusiastic unanimity in the national prayers to Him who has guided our ship of state through reefs and whirlpools, rude blasts and pitiless storms into the safe harbor of peace, prosperity and independence. All over this immense land—in the very heart of our big cities, in the dark mines of Pennsylvania, on the historic coast of Pilgrim Plymouth, amid the craggy heights of the Rocky Mountains, by the shores of the Pacific beside the Golden Gate, down in the Sunny South where national feud and faction sleep in forgotten graves, up in the all but trackless woods of Maine where patriotism burns as brightly today as it did when the Union needed its sons for the defense of our starry flag—from one end of this glorious republic to the other, hands are virtually clasped in hands, hearts are knit together in mutual love and harmony, and the supreme wish—the one sacred prayer is wafted to the skies that the mighty progress made by this nation in the past may be but the forerunner of a mightier progress still in the future.

The land that Columbus discovered was four hundred years ago a howling waste of plains and prairies tenanted by wild beasts and by savages nearly as wild. Three hundred years had almost passed away since that time; but the march it had made on the pathways of power and civilization was comparatively slow until the scattered colonies, only thirteen in number, welded themselves into one gallant cohort, and swept British rule from their soil. Since then the stars of our States have increased to forty-four, and others in Gods good time will be added to the number. Once fanned by the bracing breezes of liberty, the republic moved forward with giant strides, till the few millions who originally watched by her cradle have grown to be the sixty and odd millions of today who are now assisting at the glorious spectacle of her growing triumphs in the commercial, industrial and intellectual spheres, in which she has long since vindicated her claim to be considered the world's peerless pioneer. All honor therefore to the immortal Columbus! Thanks to him, led on as he was by divine inspiration, a new universe was discovered which is destined to outrival and outrun the old in the missioned march of humanity toward its wished-for millenium.

MISS MARY REDMOND.

THE CITIZEN, always ready to chronicle the deeds of Irish men and women in every department in which talent is indispensable to success, has very much pleasure in announcing the growing fame and popularity of Miss Mary Redmond, the sculptor, whose statue of Father Matthew is now nearing completion. Miss Redmond, whose model for the latter work was selected from a host of others submitted to the Father Matthew Statue Committee, is a native of Tipperary, and is, we believe, a cousin of the well known Parnellites, Messrs. John and William Redmond. Mary Redmond was only five years of age when she evidenced a passion for art in an attempt to make a small vase from some clay which she had found among the rocks near her father's home at Neagh in the premier county. The talent thus disclosed was cultivated, and at the age of 10 the bright young girl was sent to the Dublin School of Art where she studied for some time, after which she repaired to Rome, and under the tutelage of the well known Signor Tadolini acquired a wide knowledge of classic antiquities. Her education was completed at the Royal Institute of Beaux Arts in Florence.

Miss Redmond entered on her professional career in Dublin in 1881. Her works in painting and modeling were from the very start received by, and exhibited in the leading galleries of Britain and Ireland. A few years ago she executed under the commission of the Irish Parliamentary party a bust in Carrara marble of the late E. Dwyer Gray—an artistic gem which is now in the possession of Gray's widow, the actual wife of Mr. Maurice O'Conor of Sligo. Miss Redmond's successes have been so many that she is recognized by competent critics as the leading Irish sculptor of today.

The fair artiste is a comely and charming young woman, whose years are still in the twenties. Despite her mental and physical attractions, and her sweet affectionate disposition, she has not yet been induced to change her name and condition. She is probably one of these interesting and ethereal creatures who prefer art to matrimony. Whether she remains single, or gets married, however, THE CITIZEN wishes the young sculptor continued success in the profession which she has embraced.

THE SASSENACH'S SORROW.

THE CITIZEN begs in a manner more earnest than it ever before asked any favor of its readers, that they will read with their most profound attention the article from the Liverpool *Echo*, that can be seen on another page of this issue Every thinking man who reads it, provided he has any interest at all in America, will see the drift of the coming elections; and that no matter what may be the faults of the party and the men who stand up for the prosperity of America and the interests of its working classes, they have a right to be supported by every one irrespective of party politics.

The Liverpool *Echo* is one of the foremost commercial journals of England. It only gives utterance to the universal public opinion of England in the matter of the coming elections in America. There is but one desire about them from one end of England to the other, and that is that Mr. Cleveland may be elected; for the English know that there is now an enormous Democratic majority in the lower house of congress, and that the Republican majority in the senate is so small that accident might wipe it out at any moment. When Mr. Cleveland was elected in 1884 there was a large Republican majority in the senate, and he therefore knew that no law reducing the tariff on foreign manufactured goods could have been passed. Now, however, things are different. Mr. Cleveland is known to be, if not an out-and-out Free Trader at least something fearfully close to it; for the tariff reform he would support would be an ante war tariff which everyone knows afforded no protection at all to American industries. England had it all her own way in this country in these days. She supplied us with fully 80 per cent of all our manufactured fabrics, and the consequences were that there were hardly any manufactures in America. It is hardly too much to say that the present manufactures of Cleveland, Pittsburg, and Lowell represent more money than the whole of American manufactures represented in 1860 The present tariff may have its defects; it may be injurious to some, for no law was ever devised by man that could effect all alike. It is with a view to the general good, and not the good of the individual, that all laws should be passed. The present tariff was enacted for the general good. We *know* this to be the case, because under it the country has progressed and flourished in such a manner that it has become the wonder of the World. In spite of an immigration within twenty-five years of such enormous dimensions that the figures which show it take away our breath, there is still bread and work for all in America. The most rabid and unreasonable opposers of the tariff say, as one of its evils, that it has encouraged immigration, and that the number of foreigners coming here is an evil. This is all very true; but the people who make this statement haven't sense enough to see that they are quoting the very strongest argument in favor of the tariff; for if the tariff did not make America richer, it would not increase immigration. People who want to emigrate don't immigrate to a poor country. Why don't people immigrate to Ireland? Because the country has become so frightfully poor owing to its inability to impose a duty on English manufactures and to establish manufactures of its own, that it is turning into a desert. The Eden of the earth, the naturally richest land of its size under the sun is turning into a wilderness under Free Trade; yet how many Irishmen are giving their support to the men who want to destroy America by destroying its power to impose a duty on foreign manufactured articles coming into it, and to make it a gigantic image of Ireland!

A NEW EVENING PAPER.

Mr. Joseph R. Dunlop, one of the most experienced and successful newspaper men in the country, who has been conducting the *Evening Mail* during the last ten or eleven months, has severed his connection with that journal, and will start a new afternoon daily, *The Chicago Evening Dispatch*, with offices at No. 118 Fifth avenue. The *Dispatch* will be an eight page, seven column, independent paper, the price of which will be one cent, and the first issue will appear about Oct. 15. Mr. John C. Eckel, another able newspaper man, will be the managing editor. Mr. Dunlop has the best wishes of THE CITIZEN.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The death of Alfred Tennyson removes from the scene the last really great poet of the Victorian era in England. That he leaves behind him no sufficiently worthy heir to his name and fame only proves all the more the growing decadence of English poetry; for Tennyson's successors will be as far behind him as he was behind Shakespeare and Milton, Byron and Shelley. British poetry, like British commerce, is in a very bad condition just now. There is a certain dry rot on that once lusty and luxuriant plant. Poetical pigmies are replacing the old Titans of song in the arena of British literature. It looks as if Nature, weary of turning out intellectual prodigies, has at last decided on taking a *siesta*. The English Empire must get on as well as it can in the meantime with the mediocrities who are now the only salt of the earth left behind—awaiting a newer and a better era when the genius of poetry may bloom and may blossom again within its confines.

The dead Laureate wrote much that will live as long as the language in which it was written. His "Locksley Hall" and his "In Memorium" are justly ranked among the poetical classics of modern times, while his "Idyls of the Kings" is a splendidly realistic picture of that old world of chivalry, the memory of which appeals with irresistible force to the heart and the imagination of every true poet. Tennyson's minor lyrics, such as "Mariana," the 'Song of the Lotos Eaters," and "Crossing the Bar,' are exquisite pieces of literary workmanship, and deserve the universal popularity which they enjoy.

Unlike most great poets, Tennyson had no sympathy with popular aspirations. His glorification of liberty was of liberty in the English sense of that word—liberty for the Anglo-Saxon to do just as he pleased with all nations and peoples that had come under the shadow of his flag. He was not broad-minded enough to divest himself of the prejudices in the midst of which he was born and trained. He was an English Jingo to the very marrow of his four bones. England was everything to him, and everything else but the merest leather and prunella. Patriotism is, of course, one of the noblest of virtues; but when it degenerates into a fetichistic worship of one's country, it is apt to become ridiculous and absurd. Of such was the patriotism of the late Laureate.

His loyalty to his Queen was, moreover, of a rather nauseating kind. Its malarial stench pervades the atmosphere of his poetry to such an extent as almost to turn a Republican's stomach. When he wrote to order any metrical effusion on the deaths, births and marriages that took place in the Wettin family, he not only sank to the pitiable role of a mere flattering parasite, but also turned out stuff which no decent journal would give a penny a line for, if it reached the editorial sanctum anonymously. In one of these servile and groveling vaporings, he goes the length of saying that the Queen of England "holds a nobler office on this earth than arms or power of brain or birth could give to any of the warrior Kings of old." This fudge and fustian went down the loyal British throat like treacle, and deliciously tickeled the loyal British palate; but the general run of people outside the British Empire looked on it as so much hogwash. A poet-laureate is, however, a mercenary bard. He has got to whitewash the vices and glorify as best he can the lives of his royal paymasters. If he acts otherwise, he may go whistling for his shekels. So far as Irishmen are concerned, they owe Tennyson nothing; for he was never in sympathy with the Irish National cause. During the close of his career he hated his old friend and benefactor, Gladstone, because the latter placed Home Rule on his political programme.

These drawbacks in Tennyson's poetry and character are, however, like spots on the sun. They will not suffice to dim the luster and brilliancy of most of the lyrics which he left behind him. His personal imperfections, such as an exaggerated patriotism, and a blind adoration of an ordinary woman simply because she happened to be a Queen, will be forgiven, if not absolutely forgotten, in those literary memorials of his which are sure to furnish future generations of scholars and students with genuine intellectual pleasure and delight.

AMERICA RULED BY AN AMERICAN.

The most bitter enemy of President Harrison cannot deny that his policy regarding foreign nations is more spirited and more American than that of any president who occupied the White House since the time of Andrew Jackson. The opponents of the present administration have sneered a good deal about the recent trouble we have had with Chili, and said that there was no praise due to the administration for seeking to bulldoze a feeble little power that has barely three and a half millions of people. It is, however, a fact which both the present administration and its opponents seem to have overlooked, that a war with Chili would probably have involved us with most if not with all, of the South American Spanish-speaking nations. However those nations, Mexico and the Central American republics included, may be fond of fighting one another, let a foreign country attack any one of them, and it will be found that they will throw their own quarrels overboard and join against the invader. It is also to be remembered that the brag and buncombe of so much of the American press about the greatness of the United States, the glory of the so-called Anglo-Saxon race, and the probability of all South America becoming Americanized or Anglo-Saxonised in the near future, has greatly disgusted and exasperated the reading and thinking portion of the Spanish-speaking people south of the Rio Grande. A war with Chili would certainly have meant a war with more than one of the South American republics But the outrage committed by Chili on peaceable American marines was of so heinous a nature that the honor of America would have been everlastingly tarnished if full and complete satisfaction for the insult had not been demanded and given.

It is not, however, against little nations like Chili that the present administration has shown true pluck and American spirit. No act of President Harrison's administration has been more creditable to him than his recent proclamation levying a toll on Canadian vessels passing through the St. Marie Canal that connects Lake Superior with the other four great lakes. Canada has a large trade on Lake Superior, and ever since the St. Marie Canal was opened by our government, Canadian vessels have been permitted to pass through it at the same rates per ton as American vessels; and American vessels were permitted to pass through the Welland canal at the same rates as Canadian vessels; but for some reasons which have not been made public, Canada took it into her head to discriminate against American vessels passing through the Welland Canal, and to charge them nearly twice as much toll as Canadian vessels were paying. No sooner did President Harrison become aware of this fact, than he issued a proclamation discriminating against Canadian vessels passing through the St. Marie Canal, and making them pay almost the same extra charges that American vessels are now obliged to pay for passing through the Welland Canal. The Canadian press has become furious about this matter, as our neighbors over the border and their English allies seem to have thought that they were a chosen people, and could rap Uncle Sam over the knuckles as hard as they liked, without making him resent the blow, but President Harrison has taught them manners.

The idea that the United States could not be kicked into either fighting England or having any trouble with her, seems to have taken the very strongest kind of hold on the minds of the British people, and it must be confessed that the action of every administration, Republican and Democratic, that has ruled the country since the civil war, has by its want of nerve in every dispute with England, given only too much grounds to Britishers to believe that America would never resent any insult or injury from England. The sooner Canada and her English masters become aware of the fact that this country has an administration that will not stand any nonsense from them, the better it will be for them and us.

THE saving banks' deposits of the American people are three times as great as those of the people of England. Can this fact be tortured into another argument against protection?

MR JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE, editor of the Boston *Pilot*, was the poet on the occasion of the bicentenary anniversary of Woburn, one of the most enterprising cities in Massachusetts. The first Irishman, who set foot in Woburn two hundred years ago, would not be permitted to breathe its sanctimonious Puritanic atmosphere owing to his faith and nationality. And now it is a Catholic and an Irishman whom it has asked to celebrate its glories! Time, indeed, does make all things even. Mr. Roche's poem was a splendid vindication of the cause and progress of labor.

OUR esteemed contemporary, *United Ireland*, makes the following spicy statement: "Anybody aware of Mr. Davitt's eccentricities as a statesman, and his recent political somersaults, will be amused to hear that he has himself set down in Dodd's Parliamentary Register as a Republican!" How a Republican could swear allegiance to a Queen, and still remain a Republican is one of those sphinx-like political puzzles which only an ingeniously subtle mind like Mr. Davitt's can hope to solve. And that he has solved it—to his own satisfaction at least—goes, of course, without saying.

THE fund for a memorial to the late John Boyle O Reilly is at present near completion. Through the zealous efforts of Messrs. James Jeffrey Roche and Patrick Donahoe, of the *Pilot*, as well as of Mr. A. Shuman, the energetic treasurer of the fund, the amount now in hand reaches the figure of $17,000. Only $3,000 more are required to crown the good work of honoring the memory of the poet of humanity and of patriotism in the city where he achieved a name and fame that shall live forever. The "Hub" has contributed generously to this timely memorial.

THE New York *Tribune* has wisely got rid of that saucy scurrilous scribe, Smalley, whose correspondence from London was a compound of jingoism and todyism as well as a continued concoction of lies and libels on Ireland. Smalley was one of those Americans—few in number—"who dearly love a lord," and who would kneel with all the smirking airs of fawning flunkies at the feet of a throne. White law Reid is to be congratulated on having "fired" such a scribbling time server who has been for years a disgrace to true American journalism.

THE new Liberal government has, it seems, reinstated Irish mayors in their former positions as commissioners of assize. Some Irishmen are jubilant over this "concession." THE CITIZEN is not; for it fails to see what cause of rejoicing there is in the fact that the chief magistrates of Irish cities are graciously permitted to assist an alien government in its administration of Ireland. Men like Mayor Horgan, of Cork, would scorn to do the work of Castle-hacks.

WE clip the following highly interesting item from the pages of one of our Irish exchanges, a sheet, by the-bye, which—curiously enough—professes Home Rule principles: "The Prince of Wales arrived at Aberdeen on Tuesday morning, and after breakfasting proceeded for Deeside." How its readers must have been delighted with such spicy intelligence! Still, their craving for royal gossip must not have been thoroughly satified, for they are not told what the Prince had for breakfast before he went to Deeside. Could it have been an Irish stew garnished with *sauce a la* College Green? And if so, how Ireland ought to revel over the patriotism of the Prince's palate!

A LONDON dispatch of the 10th inst. says: "The Parnellite convention in Dublin today passed a resolution in favor of placing the Paris fund in the hands of a committee consisting of three Parnellites and three anti-Parnellites for the benefit of the evicted tenants."

CHICAGO is to have the largest and most powerful telescope in the world, the gift of Mr. Chas. T. Yerkes to the University of Chicago. In making the gift Mr. Yerkes said to the trustees: "Gentlemen, go ahead and build the finest and the largest telescope on earth, and let it be equipped with everything that is needed to make it the best. When you have it all finished send the bill to me and I will pay it. Never mind the question of cost."

MISS HENRIETTA M. KENEALY, who is just now winning glorious laurels for herself as a nurse in the cholera hospitals of Hamburg, is the daughter of the late Dr. Kenealy, the eminent lawyer, who stood by the alleged Sir Roger Tichborne through thick and thin in the famous Tichborne case. The celebrated doctor was a Corkman and a Young Irelander. Irish blood tells everywhere.

MR. HARRY FURNISS, one of the chief artists on London *Punch*, has published in book form an account of a recent trip which he made to Ireland. Mr. Furniss throughout the pages of this scurrilous volume looks down on Ireland and Irishmen with all the cool contempt of a very superior Saxon. Readers, who are not familiar with the personality of the author, would imagine from the text that he was a full-blown Cockney; but the fact is that he was born and reared in the county Wexford, Ireland, and that he spent most of his salad days in Dublin, where he was employed somewhere in the seventies by the late Richard Pigott of malodorous memory on the staff of the *Shamrock*, a weekly magazine, in the pages of which Mr. Furniss' pencil depicted times without number the classic features of such characters as Mick M. Quaid, Kit Kulkin and Terry Geraghty. Mr. Furniss in those days was a Nationalist and an Irishman. He is now a Tory and an Englishman. Mr. Furniss' patriotism lay evidently in his stomach. *Punch* paid him better than the *Shamrock*.

IRELAND is about to secure the services of another imported patriot in the person of a certain Sir Patrick Buckley, leader of the Legislative Council of New Zealand. Sir Patrick was once plain Pat Buckley. He was an ardent Irishman in his youth, but now, of course, he is (politically) as meek as a sucking dove since he became a Knight of her "most gracious Majesty." The stock of Irish home-patriots must be thinning out when the distant colony of New Zealand has got to be laid under contribution for one of that tribe.

BY the vote of a majority of its members the Dublin Corporation declined to present an address of welcome to the incoming Viceroy, Lord Houghton. The Corporation acted wisely and well in refusing to bow the knee to any official representative of British rule in Ireland. Moreover, gratitude for problematical favors to come is, of course, a rank absurdity. Even if Home Rule is given, it should not be taken as a favor, but as an installment of a Nation's rights. Houghton should personally be treated with the deference due to the average gentlemen; but no servility should be shown him in his official capacity. Obsequiousness is under any circumstances the most groveling of vices.

THE Free Trade folly is running to seed in England. Mr. Stieble, of the Nottingham Chamber of Commerce, recently said: "If we find English commerce, labor and machinery driven out of the land, as it is at present—I know very large plants that are being removed to another hemisphere—and if we find responsible statesmen like Lord Salisbury putting it as a plain fact before the country, why should we declaim about the eternal principles of Free Trade? Lord bless you, those principles are not the ten commandments!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and as seldom read.

IRISH REPUBLICAN, San Francisco.—You are quite right. The London *Times* once said that the best use England could make of the Irishman was to send him to the United States and get him to vote the Free Trade ticket. Times have, however, changed since then, and we with them. The day is gone forever when the Irish immigrants could be called the rag-tag and bob-tail of the Democratic party of which many of their sons are now the chiefs. Moreover, there is at present a large proportion of Irishmen in the Republican ranks.

D. McN., St. Louis.—Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, is Irish born. It is said that in American politics he is a decided though unpretentious Republican. He will, if report proves true, be soon the recipient of a cardinal's hat.

J. O'R., Joliet.—The English government has yet got to redeem its promises to Ireland. No English government in its relations with Irishmen has ever yet been as good as its word. It behooves us, therefore, not to be too premature in our expectations. THE CITIZEN, however, hopes for the best.

RED HUGH, Buffalo.—Your letter is unfortunately a tissue of jog-trot commonplaces. Write us something original, or else don't waste stamps.

Give Them a Good-Mille-Failthe.

We have received the following from President Brady, of Division No. 7, A.O.H., of Fort Omaha, Neb:

FORT OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 11.—*To the A. O. H. of Chicago—Brothers:* We are pleased to inform you that a part of D. 7 of Fort Omaha, will be in your city with their respective companies of the Second Infantry, on the 20th and 21st of this month, and perhaps longer. We would be pleased to meet some of our Chicago brothers. We remain yours in friendship,

DIVISION No 7.
Michael J. Brady, President.

It Is Not What We Say

But what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that makes it sell, and has given it such a firm and lasting hold upon the confidence of the people.

For a dinner pill and general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p.m. daily, via C., M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A. N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

LINES

To the Memory of John J. Fitzgibbon.

honest friend was he, whose friendship knew
No false sleek mask, no scarlet stain of guile,
The candor of his nature shimmered through
The sweetness of his smile!
Goodness in him a ceaseless vigil kept,
Balmful alike in shadow and in sun;
His word a bond—a promise to be kept
When all was said and done!

His life was as an open book—each page
Frank in its text—a spotless scroll of truth:
The cause he loved in the twilight of age
He championed in his youth.
His faith was as a time-defying rock
Wild waves in vain might angrily assail,
For firm he stood through calm and tempest's shock,
Loyal to Innisfail!

Loving the isle, within whose confines he
First saw the light beyond the ocean's foam,
He loved no less this broad land of the free—
The country of his home.
Faithful to both—their flags should drape his bier,
Wrapping his clay in sacred fold on fold—
The Stars and Stripes that guard our New World here,
The Emerald from the Old!

—EUGENE DAVIS.

IRISH NEWS.

A grand cycling and Gaelic athletic carnival will be held on the historic ground where King James marshalled his forces on the morning of the bloody battle of Oldbridge town. In the successful days of the Gaelic revival Donore was foremost in the vanguard, and its Gaels were among the last to turn apathetic in the Gaelic cause. That they have relinquished their apathy is pretty evident by their spirited action in organizing what may be characterized as the Donore monster athletic sports for Oct. 16.

On Tuesday, Sept. 20, a heartless eviction took place on the estate of Mr. Chas. N. Clarke, J. P., Holycross, when five orphans and their grandmother were driven from their home at Durle, near Kilcommon. The family had been in occupation of the farm, which is wild and mountainous, for the past seventy years. Their parents died a few years ago, and not being able to put together the amount of rent due (£35)they have been turned out on the roadside.

The Cork Football Club has been successful in getting a very fine new ground, one of the best in Ireland.

At both masses in St Patrick's Memorial Church, Downpatrick, on Sunday, the 18th ult, the Rev. D. McAlister, C. C., who officiated, announced to the congregations that the Brothers of the Christian Schools would take charge of the education of the John street Male National schools, of which the Very Rev. P. O'Kane, P. P., V. G., is the patron. The Brothers have taken up their residence in the large house in Irish street, occupied as a convent by the Sisters of Mercy, prior to the erection of the new Convent of Mercy, Mount St. Patrick, which has been specially prepared for their reception.

The Leinster vs Munster football match will be played at Cork on Dec. 10 instead of Limerick.

On Saturday week a young lady named Mather, daughter of a well-to-do farmer residing at Ballygibbon, in the county Kildare, was received into the Catholic church. It is stated that the convert attended a retreat given by the Vincentian Fathers in Edenderry in May, 1891, and was greatly impressed with the eloquent truths preached by them. Since then she has manifested a desire to become a Catholic. The impressive ceremony was performed at Clogherinkoe chapel,county Kildare, by Father O'Leary.

At the usual weekly meeing of the Drogheda Emmet Football Club, Mr. R. Nulty was unanimously elected president, and Mr. P. Duffy vice-president.

The Earl of Cork has contributed £250 to the fund for the erection of a new Catholic church at Charleville. Among other munificent donations received by the Rev. Father Lynch, P.P., Charleville, for this work are £100 from the Munster and Leinster Bank; £300 from Mrs. Sheedy; £50 from the Cork Distilleries Company; £25 from Messrs. J. J.Murphy, Cork; £20 from Messrs. Beamish & Crawford, Cork.

The death is announced of Mr. David H. Higgins, J P., father of Mr. J. D. Higgins, solicitor, and Mr. Joseph Higgins, after a short illness, at his residence, Anne street House, Clonmel.

Margaret O'Grady, an old clothes dealer residing in Stephen street, Dublin, about two years ago swallowed a needle, but never experienced any inconvenient effects from the accident until Tuesday week, when she felt an acute pain under the right shoulder. She went on Wednesday to Mercer's Hospital, and was attended by Drs. Tisdall and Wilson, who succeeded in extracting the needle swallowed two years previously from under the right shoulder of the patient.

Mr. Patrick Gleeson died, after a lingering illness, at his father's residence, Ballinoe, Silvermines, on the 25th ult. Deceased had been preparing for the medical profession, and was within three months of obtaining his diploma when overtaken by the illness, which resulted in his premature and deeply lamented death.

The Very Rev. Dr. McAlroy, P.P.,V.G. expired at his residence, the parochial house, Tullamore, on the morning of the 19th ult. He was in the 86th year of his age and the fifty sixth of his sacred ministry. Born in the parish of Rathkug, diocese of Meath, in 1806, he studied at Navan and Maynooth, and was ordained priest at the latter college in 1836 His was truly a long record of services to church and country. He took a prominent part in the Repeal agitation of O'Connell, and had since extended his support to every movement for his country's welfare. His position as chaplain to Tullamore jail brought him in later years very much into notoriety in connection with the many political prisoners who were incarcerated there.

As a goods train was running between Ulverston and Lindal stations, on the Furness Railway, the ground gave way over an old iron mine, and the engine plunged into the earth where it lay buried with the tender on top of it. The fireman jumped off safely, but the driver was severely injured. Efforts were made to extricate the locomotive, when suddenly, with a thundering noise, it took another plunge and disappeared down the mine.

DUBLIN HONORS PARNELL.

Thousands of Visitors Journey From All Parts of Ireland to Place Floral Tributes on the Dead Leader's Grave.

DUBLIN, Oct. 9—The people who took part in today's demonstration in memory of the late Charles Stewart Parnell equalled in number those who attended his funeral a year ago. Thousands of visitors came from Cork, Galway and the North of Ireland.

Floral tributes in the form of wreaths, harps and other designs received from political bodies throughout the country to be placed on the grave filled the memorial car and two carts.

The procession to Parnell's tomb was accompanied by the bands playing the dead march and the corporations of Dublin and Cork, which attended in state. J. J. O'Kelly delivered an oration at the grave.

LONDON, Oct. 10—The Dublin correspondent of the *Times* sends a dispatch to his paper in which he describes the extraordinary demonstration which took place in that city in honor of the memory of Parnell. He said: "Almost every person displayed a mourning badge or emblem, generally of ivy. Many Irish members of the House of Commons and other admirers of Parnell marched the whole distance to the tomb. John Howard Parnell, brother of the late Irish leader, and some relatives of Mrs Parnell attended as mourners. The Waterford, Limerick, Kilkenny, Drogheda and Cloamel corporations were fully represented. Rev. Richard M. Gregory, of New York, was among the large number of persons who visited the grave. The procession occupied an hour in passing a given point. No decorations were to be seen in the city, but the attitude of the populace was sympathetic and respectful. Perfect order was maintained throughout the city. The appearance of the Fenian, Stephens, at the grave evoked bursts of applause. Mrs. Parnell, who was absent, sent a beautiful wreath to be placed on the grave."

T. P. O'Connor's article in yesterday's *Sunday Sun* revives the hope of some kind of an understanding between the Irish factions which the demonstration in Dublin yesterday may tend to hasten. The tremendous turnout from all parts of Ireland showed conclusively that the Parnellites are a powerful body in all the chief cities and towns and control most of them.

WHAT A SAVING OF TEN CENTS A DAY WILL DO.

Many years ago, a little insect laid its life work on the floor of the Southern Ocean, and perished. Other insects followed in the path of their predecessor and by degrees one of the most masterful and lovely of nature's ingenious structures—a coral reef—reared its head above the ceaseless ebb and flow of the billows of the boundless Pacific. To this reef many ocean birds were attracted and with their aid—Nature working with the elements, gradually a vegetation appeared suited to the natural beauty of its ocean home.

At that spot, formerly an ocean waste, is now a beauteous island, covered with the rich verdure of the tropics. From crevices in the many green and thickly wooded hills, cool waterfalls splash merrily, and leap into the sea, laughing in their silvery sheen. The golden stranded shore that skirts the island is ornamented with a rich fringe of graceful palms of cocoanut and date that sway and blow gracefully before the playful embrace of the tropic breeze. Beneath the leafy umbrageous bows, snugly covered with bright flowering vines, nestle the homes of happy men and women, and the sweet laughter of little children is heard as some gay plumaged bird flits through the foliage or some feathered songster tunes its merry notes. Here Nature is found in her most joyous mood. All is bright and beautiful.

This Earthly Paradise—for such it is—was made possible through the effort of the tiny coral insect, whose contribution to the perfect whole appeared so insignificant. Yet the earnest little worker was real God-father to the beautiful ocean home. That insect's work was to that island very much as ten cents is to a fortune. What good is ten cents to one, anyhow? You have ten cents a day to spare, have you? Listen then, and you shall hear what you can do with it. For ten cents a day, you can become useful and happy. You can store your mind with knowledge, the accumulation of which will prove at once a recreation and a pleasure. You can put yourself on a plane with men who are called educated, and who are familiar with every page of Nature's great book. You can train your mind in such a way that from its shelves you can at any time take down such information as is wanted then and there.

For ten cents a day you can travel in imagination around the Globe. You can visit strange lands and study their history, their customs and the manners and appearance of their peoples. You can delve into the earth and wrest from her the wonderful mineral secrets that lie hidden there. You can ascend in a balloon defying the elements and take a birds-eye view of the universe. You can look through all the telescopes past and present and familiarize yourself with other worlds than ours. You can go down to the sea in ships and master the mysteries of navigation; or you can descend into its depths and study the wonderful habits of the animal kingdom that bow to no monarch but father Neptune. If you are artistically inclined, you can visit all the famous galleries of the world, and revel in descriptions of the works of the world's greatest masters.

These are a few of the things that are within your grasp, at the small outlay of ten cents a day for a very short period.

Is it worth the expenditure?

American enterprise has placed this possibility before you. The greatest educational work that the brains of Great Britain and America have produced;—a complete and perfect library in itself an education—the great Revised Encyclopedia Britannica. This you can make your own for the outlay of that paltry ten cents a day which you did not know what to do with. It is the most compact Magazine of universal knowledge extant. It contains everything worth knowing, made as attractive and interesting and clear as ingenuity can make it.

As a home library for self-education, it is the best school in the world and takes up the least room. It is a friend to the whole family as well as yourself and never withholds its gifts at any time.

It is yours for ten cents a day and you will only have to save the ten cents a day for 90 days to secure this great library.

We do not ask you to pay us at once, for we send the entire 20 volumes with charges prepaid, on receipt of only one dollar, and you can remit the ten cents a day each month for a period of 90 days. We send you a dime savings bank with each set of books, wherein you can deposit the dime each day.

ENGLAND'S ANGUISH.

Cleveland's Election Can Alone Save Her From Ruin.

The Irish Free Trader who can read the following article from the Liverpool *Echo* of Sept. 16, without qualms of conscience must be bloodless as a turnip and soulless as an oyster:

"The outlook for British trade is decidedly not encouraging just at present. The effect of the 'stone wall' of tariff which our cousins in the United States—'a little more than kin and less than kind'—have erected around their territory avowedly to keep out British manufactures is every day BECOMING MORE DISASTROUSLY APPARENT IN THIS COUNTRY.

"Already Saltaire,that once proud model of an English industrial community, is as good as gone. THE WELSH TIN-PLATE INDUSTRY IS RUINED, and the plush trade of Huddersfield is about to be transferred bodily across the Atlantic to a point within the tariff wall. The cotton trade of Lancashire is so depressed that no one knows what may come next, and consequently all brisk enterprise is strangled and a general feeling of apprehension prevails as regards what the morrow may bring forth. The latest evidence of the injury done to British trade by the McKinley tariff—which, while not enriching the United States population, but only the interested manufacturers, makes us on this side poor indeed—is afforded by the balance sheet of the Steel Company of Scotland, which shows a balance on the wrong side of no less than £13,000.

"Two questions which will soon force themselves upon the minds of the working people, to whom the continued maintenance and prosperity of our industries is the very bread of life are: How long is this to last, and how may it be remedied? It is extremely doubtful whether the people of the United States will have either the foresight or the courage to abrogate within any reasonable period a law which they are told by their most trusted leaders is the necessary basis of their eventual industrial supremacy; and further, for some reason which on this side of the Atlantic it is difficult to comprehend, the operation of 'twisting the British lion's tail appears to be attended with supreme delight to the thoroughbred Yankee, and hardly less so to the hybrid agglomeration of races which form so large a portion of the population of the Republic.

'UNDOUBTEDLY FAILING THE SUCCESS AT THE PRESIDENTIAL POLLING OF MR. CLEVELAND, WHO HAS PLEDGED HIS PARTY TO A REVENUE TARIFF, THE FUTURE OF BRITISH MANUFACTURES AND OF ALL THE SUBSIDIARY INDUSTRIES DEPENDING UPON THEM IS DARK INDEED. No doubt the old country will pull through somehow,as she has done before, but it is to be feared that if the M. Kinley tariff is to be indefinitely maintained it will be at a cost of suffering and poverty which is at present impossible to estimate, and it may further involve a permanent lowering of the greatly improved standard of comfort which has been attained by the working classes of this country during the present century."

Entertainment.

A very pleasant entertainment was given Sunday evening by the Holy Angels' Council of the Catholic Benevolent Legion, on the occasion of the visit of the State officers to the Council. Hon. M. J. Keane, State President, made one of his usual logical and powerful speeches, and good spirit seemed to inspire all in the hall with a determination to build up the organization of the Catholic Benevolent Legion. Short addresses were also delivered by the Rev. Fathers Tighe and McNamee and State Secretary Ryan. Capt. John Sheehan, of McMullen Council, told one of his best stories. Dr. McDonald sang a song in rivalry with Mr. Birmingham, and with a good cigar for all that smoked a very pleasant evening was spent by the Council and its visitors. Mr. John Kelly, the well known contractor, is the President of Holy Angels, and is the right man in the right place.

Don't commit suicide on account of your "incurable" blood disease. The sensible thing for you to do is to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If that fails, why, then—keep on trying, and it will not fail. The trouble is, people get discouraged too soon. "Try, try, try again."

HYMENEAL.

NORMILE-O'SHAUGHNESSY.

On Sept. 24 at the Dominican church, Limerick, Mr. Michael Normile, son of Mr. James Normile, The Square, Glin, was united in marriage to Miss Margaret O'Shaughnessy, daughter of Mr. P. O'Shaughnessy, Jointer Cottage,Loughill. The Rev. J. Reeves officiated, assisted by the Rev. M. McCormack, P.P.

NEBRASKA NATIONALISTS

Give an Entertainment at South Omaha for the Benefit of the Mrs. Curley Homestead Fund.

The Irish Nationalists of South Omaha, Neb., gave an entertainment on the evening of Oct. 4, the proceeds of which were donated to the Mrs. Daniel Curley Home stead Fund. The audience was not as large as anticipated, but it was "immense" in point of enthusiasm. A large number of ladies were present. The proceeds of the meeting, $60, were forwarded to Mr. Finerty, and will be turned over to the treasurer, the Rev. Father O'Sullivan. A correspondent sends the following account of the entertainment:

SOUTH OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 10.—*Editor of The Citizen, Dear Sir:* Some few gentlemen in South Omaha interested themselves in the material welfare of Mrs Curley and children—the widow and orphans of the late Daniel Curley, who was executed in Dublin for his alleged connection with the Phœnix Park tragedy. The result was a literary and musical entertainment at Blum's Hall on the 4th inst. On the stage were such well known men as Judge King, R. O'Keeffe, John F. Richart, editor of the South Omaha *Tribune*; Jeremiah Howard, City Treasurer Hoctor, and others. A great many of the leading Irish-American citizens of the community were noticed in the audience. County Attorney T. J. Mahoney presided and made a very eloquent address in behalf of the widow and orphans. Miss Rose Flannery, in her own inimitable manner, rendered "Merrily I Roam;" Miss Katie Rush delivered a recitation in the most effective way. Others also joined in the programme. That silver-tongued orator of the West, the Hon. John M. Thurston, was on the programme, but was unable to be present, a fact which was regretted by all present, but which was succeeded by universal surprise in the most eloquent and forcible address ever delivered in South Omaha, by the Rev. Father Hayes of Imogene, Iowa. The Rev. Father is a tall and well proportioned man—a perfect type of physical manhood.

After a few preliminary remarks Father Hayes at once began his discourse. He stated that he saw no good reason why Irishmen should apologize for striking down the enemies of their country. He said although the American Republic was young, its pathway is covered with the blood of its murdered presidents. No! the hand of an Irishman was never raised against the flag or the institutions of our adopted country. The Irish race produced no Arnolds, no Booths, no Guiteaus, no Brigham Youngs; but in striking contrast the race gave to the Republic the Sullivans of Maine, the Barrys, the Moylans, the Clintons, the Corcorans, the Shields, the Meaghers, the Sheridans, and the millions of others less noted. In the most pathetic language he portrayed the children of Ireland exiled from their native land. He predicted a greater destiny for the race than any even now dreamt of. He closed his great address by an appeal to the Irish race to assist in a pecuniary way Mrs Curley and her children. Father Hayes gave $25 to the fund and apologized for not giving more on the ground that he had recently donated $1 200 to ward the building of a new church at Imogene.

The following letter of regret was received from the Hon John M. Thurston:

OMAHA, Neb., Oct. 3.—*Messrs. Thomas Hector, Patrick Sheehy, and Others, Gentlemen:* I would be very glad to accept your kind invitation of the 29th September to be present at your entertainment on the evening of Oct. 4, if I had not made a previous engagement to speak at Kansas City on that evening. Yours very truly,

JOHN M. THURSTON.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:30 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

Good Farm Land For Sale,

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R, and has a population of about 3,000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington," just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

THE MARTYR'S WIDOW.

Appeal Issued by a Committee of the A.O.H. to Enlist the Aid of the Patriotic in Behalf of Mrs. Daniel Curley and Her Children.

FELLOW CITIZENS: On May 11, 1883, Daniel Curley was executed in Dublin for alleged complicity in the Phœnix Park tragedy.

It was on the eve of the ninth anniversary of his execution that a refined and delicate lady called at a pastoral residence in Chicago to have a mass offered up for the deceased patriot the following morning. An accidental question revealed to the priest that his visitor was the wife of the unfortunate Daniel Curley and that she and her two bright and innocent boys were homeless in Chicago—that she was struggling against great odds to provide the necessaries of life for herself and her children. The good priest was astonished at the negligence of the Irish people in failing to make suitable provision for this family, which the patriotism and honor of the husband and father had left without a protector. He consulted some friends about the possibility of providing Mrs. Curley and her family with a comfortable home. One of the oldest and most respected priests in Chicago suggested that the matter be laid before the County Board of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The suggestion was acted on, with the result that this body, so well known for their patriotism, unanimously resolved to take charge of the matter, and accordingly an executive committee was appointed, consisting of the presidents of the different divisions under its jurisdiction, to devise ways and means of raising funds to carry out this deserving and laudable work.

At a full meeting of this executive committee the undersigned were instructed to issue this appeal to enlist the sympathy and the co-operation not only of the Hibernians of Cook County but of the whole Irish race.

When Daniel Curley was condemned on the testimony of the informer Carey, he was offered a large amount of British gold and his liberty provided he gave evidence to implicate others. The last two hours of his life were given him to consider the proposition, but he spurned the offer and accepted death on the scaffold rather than leave a dishonored name to his country and wife and children.

When Daniel Curley voluntarily accepted death for a principle—a principle, as he believed, of Irish nationality—his family became the wards of the Irish race, and it can be attributed only to lack of organized effort that so far our race has not done its duty in this case.

In the name, then, of that justice due Mrs. Curley and her children, in the name of the long list of patriots who have sacrificed life and liberty for the principles of Irish nationality, we appeal to the Irish race in Chicago and elsewhere to come forward in their generosity and help this noble undertaking.

All subscriptions will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer of the fund, Rev. M. O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill., and will be published in THE CITIZEN.

LAWRENCE HENELY,
P. B. FLANNIGAN,
P. O'SULLIVAN,
P. DEVER } Com.

MRS. CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The Rev. M. O'Sullivan, treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, desires to acknowledge the following subscriptions:

Previously acknowledged	$556 50
Capt. J. F. Conn 818 Hinman street	5 00
John F. Finerty	10 00
Forwarded through Mr. P. Sullivan of South Chicago as collections made by Mr. Merrion, superintendent at the mills, South Chicago	36 75

All checks and orders should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M. O Sullivan,Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Will You Go East This Fall?

If so it will be to your interest to fully acquaint yourself with the excellent train service now in effect between Chicago, Buffalo, New York, Boston and intermediate points, via the "Lake Shore Route." Through trains leave Chicago at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m., 3:10, 5:30, 7:45 and 11:30 p. m. The "Chicago and Boston Special" (10:30 a. m.) is the only complete train from Chicago through to New England. It has dining car serving meals the entire distance, in itself an excellent feature, and the equipment of the train throughout is of the very highest standard. The Chicago and New York Limited (5:30 p. m.) embodies all that is modern and novel in railway transport and has very appropriately been called "a perfect train." F. M. BYRON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 66 Clark st., C. K. WILBER, W. P. A., Chicago.

To retain an abundant head of hair of a natural color to a good old age, the hygiene of the calp must be observed. Apply Hall s Hair Renewer.

T. Shea, Tailor,
126 West Madison-st

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20 $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

OBITUARY.

MR FRANK T CAIRNS

Frank T. Cairns, died at his father's residence, No. 124 Lytle street, after a brief illness, aged 22 years. Young Cairns was a son of Mr. Alexander Cairns, one of the best known and most respected residents of the Holy Family parish, being identified with the Catholic societies of that parish for at least a quarter of a century. Deceased was a young man of great promise, of steady habits, and winning ways which made him a great favorite among his companions as well as in the family circle. The funeral took place on Friday of last week, from the residence to the Holy Family church, where a requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Weighmann. After the ceremony he preached an endearing eulogy on the exemplary life of the deceased. The floral offerings were profuse, and contributed by his comrades in the mailing department of the postoffice and many other friends. The pallbearers were: Danie' Clancy, Thomas McMullen, Frank Lathrop, John Clancy, John Collins and Herman Smidt. The burial was at Calvary, and was largely attended.

ANDREW M'GRATH.

On the 4th inst., Andrew McGrath, son of Thomas and the late Mary McGrath, died of injuries received by being run over by the cars. Young McGrath, whose parents were natives of Dublin, was 16 years of age, and was a brother of Messrs. Patrick, John and Thomas McGrath, of Omaha, Neb. The funeral was from his father's residence, No. 351 Centre avenue on Oct. 6, to the Jesuit church where high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Weighmann, thence by carriages to calvary cemetery.

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PENSION CLAIMS.
The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, is ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him. Owing to the passage of liberal laws by the last congress, the perfecting of pension claims has been much simplified, all soldiers, their widows or other dependents, who can prove an honest claim against the government are reasonably certain of having such claims allowed. This office, in addition to attending to regular pension claims, is also prepared to open, under the new laws, old cases rejected because of insufficient evidence, and to thoroughly sift cases of technical desertion, owing to errors in muster out, etc., by which deserving men are often deprived of their just dues.
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CONSUMPTION

UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

Six cents for dinner is enough
For any man that's brainy—
Two cents for mush, two cents for milk,
Two cents for miscellany.
Four cents for breakfast, four for tea,
Was all a fellow needed;
'Twas all Jack wanted, and no man
Needs any more than he did.

"Besides," said Jack, "men spend for clothes,
And such extravagances,
Good money that should never be
Spent on such foolish fancies,
An old meal bag for pantaloons,
A bedtick for a jacket,
And for suspenders a good rope
Will stand most any racket.

"I live on seventy cents a week,
Go visiting on Sunday,
And, if they feed me pretty full,
I have enough for Monday.
So fifty dollars in the year
Is all I spend for living.
But put my money in the bank
And render up thanksgiving."

Jack died and left his nephew Bill
Nine hundred thousand dollars,
And Bill, he spent a thousand quick
For neckties and for collars.
He rained his money right and left
On horses, Maude and Jenny,
And one year from his uncle's death
He wasn't worth a penny.
—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

A STRANGE STORY.

One spring twilight, in the year 1793, a man, young and handsome, sat writing in the chamber of a secluded house not far from the old Electoral palace of Mayence.

Suddenly he dropped his pen with a startled cry. The face of a woman, dim and yet perfectly distinct, had appeared between him and his work. He looked up. It hung flowerlike in the air above him. He rushed toward the open window—it was there, smiling sadly in the fading light. Adam Lux stretched out his arms passionately to the vision.

"Ah, you come to me again!" he said. "Who are you? Why do you pursue me? Beautiful shadow, whither shall I go to find your substance? Do you exist in the flesh, or are you only a spirit—delusive as maddening?"

"Adam—Cousin Adam," a girl's voice called from the court below; "leave your stupid writing and come down to me! It is I—Margarethe!"

Adam Lux passed his hands across his eyes. The voice of Margarethe dissolved the spell which held him.

His dream maiden vanished. He descended a corkscrew stair to a court full of shadows, where a girl dressed as for a fete stood dabbling her plump hands in the fountain.

"You have forgotten my birthday, cousin," she pouted. "Of late you think of nothing but liberty, fraternity, equality, like those mad folks in Paris who have cut off the head of their king."

"Pardon me, I did forget! I am but a sorry lover, Margarethe."

She sighed deeply.

"You are no lover of mine, Adam. Ours is a betrothal of hands, not of hearts. You care nothing for love."

He took a turn across the court. He had a fine face, with dark brows arching over violet eyes, and flaxen hair slightly powdered. A strange smile appeared on his lips.

"I love—not flesh and blood, Margarethe, but a phantom, a shadow," he answered, with his eyes full of dreams. "Listen! It came to me one night as I was walking in the gardens of the Electoral palace, a woman's face, white as marble—white as one of the garden lilies just blown; in the chin a deep dimple; about the perfect mouth an expression of sadness and gravity; a face with great eyes of unfathomable darkness, fringed with lashes as black as night, and hair dark also and lustrous, the full rich curls, tipped with auburn, falling against a neck like a column of pearl."

"Oh," cried Margarethe in dismay, "how very beautiful she must be! Surely there is no woman like that in all Mayence!"

"True," he answered, "nor in the world, I fear. It is the ghost of some Greek goddess that has entered my brain and will not be dislodged. To-night she came to me again in the chamber above stairs. It was your voice that frightened her away."

Tears stood in Margarethe's eyes. She was jealous and perplexed.

"It was wrong of me to tell you these things," he continued. "You are a mere child, Margarethe, with the heart of a child. Come, let us talk of other matters. A great honor has been conferred upon me by the people of Mayence. I have been chosen a deputy to go to Paris and request the annexation of this city to France."

"Paris!" sobbed Margarethe. "That is a long way off! When will you go?"

"Tomorrow—by diligence."

"You will never, never come back, Adam!"

"Heaven only knows," he answered quietly.

Lux was an ardent Republican. The mission to Paris suited him well. His handsome head was full of other and more dangerous phantoms than dream maidens. On the following day he kissed poor, weeping Margarethe goodby in the old court, and started for the French capital, where Jean Paul Marat was then at the height of his terrible power.

Lux took lodgings in the Rue St. Honore and hurried to the convention to solicit, in the name of German republicans, the annexation of his native city to France. The chamber on that day was full of tumult. Marat—hideous, loud mouthed—preaching massacre and anarchy, was the leader of La Montagne. As he ranted in the tribune, Adam Lux looked at him in disgust. His head was too large for his body; his lean, sickly face was unspeakably repulsive. He wore a patched and dirty waistcoat, cotton velvet trousers stained with ink, shoes full of nails and tied with pack thread, a ragged shirt, and greasy hair confined with a thong. On his deeply cleft mouth a sardonic grin appeared continually. His look was full of insolence and power.

"A monster in body and in soul!" thought Adam Lux, who found the external aspects of liberty in Paris far from pleasant.

July came. One hot and breathless night Lux left the convention in a dejected frame of mind. He felt mocked, deluded, discouraged. A score of high and haughty heads had fallen since morning into the sack of sawdust at the foot of the guillotine. He stopped on the Pont Neuf to look at the sunset behind the trees of the Champs Elysees. That, too, seemed a vast streak of blood. With a shudder he turned and walked away to the gardens of the Palais Royal.

There the young deputy began pacing aimlessly about, absorbed in unhappy thought. Presently he heard a light step. A woman was advancing toward him under the galleries. Adam Lux saw a face young and of amazing beauty, the skin like alabaster, the splendid eyes unfathomably dark, a mass of chestnut curls, with auburn tips, clustering against a dazzling neck. It was his dream maiden in the flesh—the substance of that mysterious shadow which had twice appeared to him in his own city of Mayence. With an absorbed air she glided by. Her white dress brushed him gently. His heart gave a furious bound. He turned and followed her.

She entered the shop of a cutler; the young deputy entered also. She advanced to the counter and said something to the man behind it. Lux failed to catch the words, but the cultivated voice was that of a gentlewoman.

The cutler produced a tray of knives. In the shadow of the shop door Adam Lux saw her select one—a poniard knife, with an ebony haft.

"The price?" she asked.

"Three francs, citoyenne," answered the cutler.

She put the money on the counter, concealed the knife under her silk kerchief and returned to the garden. As she stated herself on one of the stone benches abutting on the arcades Adam Lux paused at her side.

"For pity's sake," he entreated, "tell me who you are. I have known you for a long time, but your name—what is your name?"

She started and looked up.

"You have known me for a long time, citoyen!" she echoed gravely. "I do not understand you."

"I am the deputy from Mayence," he said, trying to speak calmly. "It was at Mayence that you twice appeared to me. For days and weeks my sleeping and waking dreams have been full of you. I recognized you the instant that I saw you; it was just before you entered the cutler's shop."

A slight alarm dawned in her eyes. Her hand went up to her silk fichu, under which she had hidden the knife. Did she think him a madman?

"One should not dream in these perilous days, citoyen," she said sternly; "there is little profit in dreams. He who loves liberty must act."

"I perceive that you are an aristocrat—you belong to the nobles; but your name—your name?" he insisted.

She smiled sadly.

"Pardon, I cannot tell it now, citoyen, but before many hours it will be in every mouth." She arose from the bench. He put out a hand to detain her.

"Stay! Stay!" he entreated. "Do not leave me—I love you ardently. Strange, incomprehensible as this passion may seem to you, it will either save or destroy me. I claim you! Whoever you are, know that you belong to me, or why were you revealed to me in the spirit before my eyes could look on your living, breathing beauty? If you go like this, leaving me no clew to your whereabouts, I may never see you again."

Gravely, coldly she answered: "Do not talk to me of love, citoyen; I cannot comprehend you—I belong only to France! Before the revolution I was a Republican. You will surely see me again, and then," with a strange and solemn expression, "you will understand everything. Now, citoyen, adieu."

"Promise," he urged wildly, "that it shall be so—that I shall see you again."

"I promise," she answered, and moved rapidly away.

Another day dawned and dwindled. It was the 13th of July, the anniversary eve of the fall of the Bastille. The heat was intense and the streets of Paris swarmed with people. Adam Lux left the convention at twilight. Marat the horrible was ill; he had not appeared in the chamber that day. Engrossed with his mysterious love rather than the affairs of the public, Adam Lux dined at a cafe with other deputies.

In the midst of their meal, Harriot, the commandant of the national guards, appeared in the door of the cafe.

"Look to yourselves, deputies!" he shouted. "Marat is dead! He has just been assassinated, and by the hand of a young girl."

The deputies with one accord rushed into the street. A terrific mob was surging by, filling the air with cries and imprecations. Lux found himself swept away with it to the Rue des Cordeliers, where Marat lived. It was a small, dilapidated house and about its door that raging, roaring multitude surged like a sea. Yes, the leader of La Montagne had been stabbed to death by the hand of a woman. Adam Lux, pressing up to the threshold, looked and saw the murderess coming down the stair, her arms pinioned, bayonets surrounding her, the flambeaux of the gendarmes glaring upon her face, which had in it the sublimity of supreme sacrifice. It was his dream maiden.

"It is the face of an angel," said a woman near Adam Lux. "Who is she?"

Another voice answered, "An aristocrat who has journeyed from Caen to do this deed—Charlotte Corday."

A squad of fusileers rushed up and cleared a passage for the prisoner.

"Poor people!" murmured Charlotte Corday, looking with pitying eyes upon the howling mob, "you wish my death, when you owe me an altar for freeing you from a monster."

It was 8 o'clock of a July morning when up the dark, deep stair in the basement wall of the Palais de Justice the gendarmes conducted Charlotte Corday to her trial before the revolutionary tribunal.

She took her place on the bench of the prisoners—the maledictions of the people died away in murmurs of admiration. Never before had murder worn such an aspect. Her beauty was marvelous; her firmness and intrepidity amazed even her judges.

"Details are needless," she said calmly; "it was I who killed Marat!"

"What did you think to effect by it?"

"Restore peace to my country. I took his life to save France."

"Why did you hate him?"

"For his crimes."

"Do you, then, think that you have assassinated all the Marats?"

"Since he is dead others will tremble."

Adam Lux was seated near the prisoner. His eyes never left her face. When the president of the tribunal passed sentence of death the Mayence deputy leaped from his chair and extended his arms in passionate protest.

"No, no!" he cried wildly; "for the love of heaven, no!"

It was the only voice raised against her fate and she recognized the man who had conceived for her such a strange and mystic passion; he was faithful in this terrible hour—he dared to speak in the face of her judges. She turned and thanked him with an eloquent look. As though a sword had pierced his heart, Adam Lux reeled and went down in a swoon to the floor of the tribunal.

The gendarmes conducted Charlotte Corday back to the prison. With perfect composure she made ready for the scaffold. As Sanson, the executioner, entered to prepare her for death she took from his hand the scissors, cut a long curl of her chestnut hair and gave it to Mme. Richard, the wife of the jailer. "Send this with my fervent thanks," she said, "to the deputy from Mayence."

Sanson arrayed her in the red robe of a murderess, cut her magnificent hair and then bound her slender wrists.

"This," she said, "is the toilet of death, arranged by rude hands, but it leads to immortality."

As the death cart left the prison a terrific storm burst over Paris, but the countless swarms of people in the squares and streets remained undiminished. The furious fishwives shrieked around the tumbril. Charlotte Corday did not seem to hear them, much less to resent their insults. Her face wore an unearthly beauty and serenity. There was no shadow of fear upon it.

At the entrance of the Rue St. Honore a man awaited the death cart. He carried his hat in his hand—the rain pelted on his fair hair. It was Adam Lux, haggard, pale as ashes. He bowed deeply to the prisoner. She started slightly, and a smile of pensive sweetness appeared for an instant on her lips. He stepped behind the tumbril, and with uncovered head followed it to the foot of the scaffold.

Attended by this mysterious love, Charlotte Corday went to the guillotine.

As she mounted the scaffold her eyes fell upon Adam Lux, who stood at its foot. She smiled and looked quickly up to the summer sky, where the clouds were now breaking. It was a farewell and also a promise of future meeting. The next moment she had placed herself under the knife.

The next day a man entered the convention, so haggard, so changed that he was hardly recognized as the handsome young deputy from Mayence. With the recklessness of one who had no more to hope or to fear he ascended the tribune, and began to impeach and attack Marat's associates.

In vain his friends warned him to desist. Hotly, fiercely he vindicated the young Norman lady who had sacrificed her own life to rid France of a wholesale assassin. He published the "Apology of Charlotte Corday," and was immediately arrested and sent to the Abbaye prison. As he entered its sinister door he flung up his hat and cried joyfully, "I shall die, then, for her!"

He was brought before the revolutionary tribunal. When the accusation was read to him he said, with a scornful, curling lip:

"I am a stranger to your laws as well as to your crimes. If I have deserved punishment it is not among Frenchmen that I should suffer."

From his prison he wrote a farewell letter to little Margarethe, far away in the secluded house at Mayence.

"I die for the woman I love," he said. "On the scaffold her spirit awaits mine. Death will unite us. I go with a glad heart, for I no longer desire life."

He dressed himself for the scaffold like a bridegroom for the presence of his bride. His lilac coat was embroidered with gold thread. His powdered hair, his knee breeches and waistcoat of white satin, and frills of finest lace gave him the air of a courtier.

"At last I shall see her again," he said, pressing to his lips the chestnut curl the jailer's wife had given to him.

He mounted the guillotine with a smile on his lips, and a rapt, uplifted look in his eyes.

"At last!" he repeated, and the knife fell.

So ended one of the strangest attachments the world ever knew—or was this only its beginning?—Short Stories.

The Handkerchief with a Dress Suit.

The most feasible abiding place for the full dress handkerchief has long been a disputed matter. The two inside waistcoat pockets are, however, much to the liking of the best men of swaggerdom that always would wish to carry an extra mouchoir. In this manner, moreover, the article is out of sight when out of use, and there is none of that bulging which throws the ensemble out of balance when worn anywhere in dress coat or trousers.

As a matter of fact they fill out the chest measurement in a deft and unnoticeable way, while the location and slant shape of the pockets enables the wearer to gracefully and readily reach them.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Modern Realism.

Mrs. Podds—Is that a realistic novel you are reading?

Mrs. Bobbs—Indeed it is. It contains a perfect description of the bacillus of yellow fever and tells how to make apple dumplings.—New York Weekly.

UNEXPECTED RICHES.

TO A WOMAN'S DREAM ONE YOUNG MAN OWES HIS FORTUNE.

A Singular Story of Two Deaths and the Distribution of Some Property—Mrs. Johnson's Remarkable Dream and What Came of It.

A young Irish lad living 6,000 miles away in poor and humble circumstances, was made the heir of quite a snug little sum by a decree of the superior court of this city, and it all came about through a dream—nothing but a dream. The facts and circumstances which led to this extraordinary inheritance are as follows:

There died in this city on April 6, 1890, an honest, hard working machinist of the name of Patrick Shine, who, having accumulated some little wealth and knowing that his end was near, a few weeks previous to his death deeded all of his property to his faithful wife, Ellen, their union never having been blessed with children. The loss of her life companion prostrated the widow, and her grief was so great that just two months later—on June 6, 1890—Ellen Shine, no longer able to bear under her load of sorrow, quietly breathed her last, to rejoin her beloved husband in another world.

Ellen Shine died intestate and her property was taken charge of by Public Administrator James C. Pennie, who at once advertised and otherwise searched for any unknown heirs, so that if they existed they could have an opportunity to present their claims. The statutory time expired, however, and no person appeared who on the ground of relationship with Ellen Shine laid claim to her estate.

In the mean time, however, Daniel Shine, a brother of the late Patrick Shine, and Mary Madigan and Ellen Carey, his two sisters, filed a petition for a distribution of the estate on the ground that it was community property, and that Ellen Shine having left no heirs, they were the nearest relatives. The case was set for a hearing, and on Aug. 26, 1891, in department 10 of the superior court, the petition of the brothers and sisters of Patrick Shine was granted.

The court issued a decree of distribution, but the public administrator, still hopeful that Ellen Shine might have some relatives living who might be found, delayed the filing of this decree for some weeks to gain time. This delay proved of the greatest importance, as was proved by the subsequent events.

Among the people who knew Ellen Shine was Mrs. Mary Anne Johnson, of 140 Fell street, the wife of a mechanic. Mrs. Shine and Mrs. Johnson were both of them natives of County Cork, Ireland, and whenever they met they used to exchange reminiscences of the days of their youth. When Mrs. Johnson learned through the newspapers that her old friend had died, and that the public administrator had charge of her property for the lack of legal claimants, she was greatly distressed, and the matter worried her for many weeks. In vain the good woman cudgeled her brains in an endeavor to remember whether she had ever heard of any one related to Ellen Shine. She could recollect no one.

The matter occupied her mind so much that it is not at all surprising that one night (Aug. 30, 1891) after retiring, still much perturbed over the fact that all that money should go to strangers, Mrs. Johnson had her peaceful slumbers disturbed by a dream. She dreamed of Ellen Shine as a young girl home in Ireland, surrounded by a host of relatives, and conspicuous in that visionary picture from dreamland was the figure of the old parish priest, the Rev. Father James, well known to the dreamer.

When Mrs. Johnson awoke next morning she remembered her dream, and thought it strange that in it Father James should be mixed up with the youthful days of her late friend. The more she pondered over this, to her inexplicable fact, the more she became convinced that the proper person to apply to for information concerning the relatives of Ellen Shine was the old parish priest, and she resolved at once to write to him.

Her surmise proved correct. In due time she received a letter from Rev. Father James, now known as Canon Hegerty, in which he said that he knew Ellen Shine well when she was still at her Irish home; that her maiden name was Ellen Dooley, and that her nearest relative living was a nephew by the name of Joseph Cotter, residing in a village near Cork called Carrignaver. The canon also advised Mrs. Johnson to turn the case over to some attorney at once.

Overjoyed at the result of her dream, she hastened to the office of Attorney Alexander T. Vogelsang and placed the whole matter in his hands. Inquiries made resulted in the corroboration of the facts as stated, and, glad that the decree giving the property to the brother and sisters of Patrick Shine had as yet not been filed, Mr. Vogelsang repaired to the office of the public administrator, Freese, whom he informed that he was the representative of a direct heir to Ellen Shine's estate.

Mr. Pennie, whose precaution in not filing the decree when it was issued now became so unexpectedly justified, was pleased to hear that so much good had resulted from it, and assisted Mr. Vogelsang in bringing an action to have the former decree set aside and at the same time in filing a petition to have the estate distributed to Joseph Cotter. Judge Levy gave satisfactory judgment without more than the delay necessary for the purpose of obtaining the proofs of Cotter's claim from Ireland, and the young Irish lad was officially notified that he was the sole owner of a house and lot on Garden street and another lot in the O'Neill and Healy tract, all left to him by an aunt whom he had never known, by the assistance of the beneficent fairies of dreamland.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Lions and Buffaloes.

A well known traveler in Africa says that in one of his long journeys he came across the dislocated skeleton of a buffalo almost intermingled with the broken bones of a lion, the skull of which was lying near, while the skull of the buffalo was also near at hand, but devoid of the nasal bones. The ground evidently was the scene of a desperate combat in which both animals had succumbed.

It is a common practice among lions, this gentleman says, to hunt in company. A friend of mine in South Africa had a peculiar example of this. His friend V—— had wounded a bull buffalo, which had retreated within the forest. The two hunters carefully followed the blood track, but after a short advance were startled by a succession of loud roars, which betokened lions close at hand.

There could be little doubt that the wounded buffalo had been attacked. Therefore with proper precaution they approached the spot until an exciting scene presented itself suddenly on the other side of a large fallen tree, which happily concealed the approach of the two hunters.

Three lions were engaged in a life and death combat with the gallant old bull, who made a desperate defense, first knocking over one of his enemies, then goring another to the ground, and exhibiting a strength which appeared sufficient to defeat the combination.

Suddenly the buffalo fell dead. This was the result of the original wound, as the rifle bullet had passed through the lungs.

The lions were not aware of this, and began to quarrel among themselves about their imagined victory. One huge beast reared to half its height and placed its forepaws upon the body of the prostrate buffalo, while at the head and the hindquarters an angry lion clutched the dead body in its spreading paws, and growled at the possessor of the center. This formed a grand picture within only a few yards' distance, but two rifle shots stretched two lions rolling upon the ground, and the third bounded into the thick covert and disappeared.—Youth's Companion.

Sparing Patti's Nerves.

An anecdote has been traveling around the circles of the Back Bay which has created ripples of merriment wherever it was told. It appears while Mme. Patti was over here and was suffering from the bereavement of her dear dog, at the same time and in the same hotel there sojourned Mrs. Iyasagi and her little daughter, who had just returned from a trip to California, and who were waiting for their house to be put in order. The great diva was nervous and anxious, the loss of her favorite having played havoc with her nerves, and she thought that the romping and merriment of the little girl in the next suite of rooms was particularly trying on her sensitive temperament.

Accordingly her maid presented herself at Mrs. Iyasagi's door, and presenting madam's compliments requested, if possible, to restrain the young lady from being more lively than absolutely necessary. "Madam says," she added, "the death of her dog is a very great sorrow to her; she has not gotten over it yet, and if she gets too excited she could not sing."

The message was received with all the grace such neighborly messages are usually received with, and was subsequently related to the young lady personally concerned in the matter. She listened, pouted prettily and then said, "Oh, mamma, will you send up and tell Mme. Patti not to sing so much, because my alligator is sick, and if he dies I'll be ever so much worried over it." It has not transpired whether the appeal ever reached the diva.—Boston Globe.

To Encourage School Visits.

"There is a great need," said Mrs. Dunlap-Hopkins, "that the general public should know more of all public institutions than they do, not excepting schools. To encourage such personal attention to these institutions as would make people familiar with and interested in them, I would have each school and institution set apart a day which should be known as 'visitors' day.' There should be no especial change of programme, as that would defeat the end I want to see accomplished, which is to have people know something of the actual working of these institutions. I would only have it given out that visitors would be especially welcome on a particular day, that people might feel at perfect liberty to call.

"Of course it would be necessary to publish a calendar of these days occasionally until people became accustomed to remembering which visitors' days were. It would soon, however, become a fixed fact, and when, for instance, one had a guest interested in a certain subject it would be a pleasant thing to take him on visitors' day to hospital, school or asylum, as the case might be."—Chicago Post.

Near the Bank of England.

Hawthorne, in his charming descriptions of his experiences in England, embodied in "Our Old Home," says that at Greenwich observatory he thought of himself as standing "at the very center of time and space." In like manner, when one stands in Threadneedle street, or either of the other thoroughfares inclosing the unimpressive one storied building which houses the Bank of England, he may easily feel himself at the very center of the world, for he is at the heart of its mightiest city and can almost hear its incessant throbbings.—Cor. New York Tribune.

Chinese Laundries in St. Louis.

No matter how many Chinamen are at work in the laundry they never seem engaged in anything save ironing. All are out in the front ironing, ever ironing. No mortal eye has e'er beheld a Chinamen over the tub in the beginning or tying up the neat packages of snowy linen at the end, and yet at the time stated, nothing missing, every one of them is ironing still.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

WOMEN MORE TACTFUL THAN MEN.

At Least That Was the Consensus of Opinion at a Brooklyn Reception.

"Do women lack tact?" Mrs. Frank Leslie-Wilde was asked by a Brooklyn woman while visiting at the latter's house in Washington park recently.

"Why, my dear, what a foolish question," replied Mrs. Wilde. "That is, I do not mean you are foolish to ask the question, but such an admission is a reflection on the sex as a whole. As you know I have just returned from abroad. While at Trouville I met a young American and his wife. I knew the wife quite well. In fact she had been a seamstress for me, and the man she married was one of Philadelphia's Hundred and Fifty. Being a clever and a pretty woman, and having met her husband in the regular way, she had caught him, although he was was unaware of her social position. I met them on the promenade, and could hardly disguise my surprise when the girl was introduced by the Philadelphian as his wife. Perhaps had the girl not been so clever I might have made a blunder.

"Here is what she said to me even before I had a chance to catch my breath: 'Dear, dear Mrs. Leslie, I am so glad to see you. We need no introduction. What a delightful time I had at your house in New York the last time you were so good as to entertain me! Pray tell me how are ——?' mentioning the names of friends of mine in New York, and then without giving me time to reply said, 'We would like to stay and talk with you ever so much, but have a pressing engagement,' and with this my friend's pretty wife grasped her husband's arm and pulled him away. While the whole proceeding may be looked upon as one in which assurance played a prominent part, the wife displayed a tact that to me was charming. I do not mean to infer that she was not good enough for her husband. She was fearful that in an unguarded moment I might say something that would give him an idea into the true state of affairs."

There were other women in the party, one the wife of a well known general who had this story to tell: "I know one of the most charming and beautiful of women. She has not been married long, but has one great fault—a lack of civility to her husband's friends. In fact she has been so uncivil to a dozen or more of them that now the poor fellow has to go out to find them, whereas formerly they visited him and often spent the evening at home. In this way the wife is deprived of her husband's society as well as that of his jolly companions. She is also careful that her husband shall not meet any of her women friends, and perhaps in this she is right. Tact is more valuable to a woman than to a man, but nowhere is it more indispensable than in the home."

And so the talk passed around the circle with the consensus of opinion that women are the superiors of men in point of tact.—Brooklyn Eagle.

He Was from the Grandest State.

A New Jerseyman was standing on the Battery sea wall in New York city when a wave suddenly came along and drenched both him and the carpetbag he had laid at his feet.

"Here's an interstate outrage," he exclaimed. "We'll see about this." He walked up to a policeman and asked if there wasn't some redress. He said he thought the city ought to post up bills telling of the dangers of the Battery."

"Oh, come off!" said the policeman "If you don't look out I'll arrest you for being loose without a keeper."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you know that strangers aren't allowed in New York without keepers?"

"I didn't know it," said the New Jerseyman anxiously.

"It's a fact, all the same."

"Where can I get a keeper?"

"Up at the mayor's office."

"What do they cost?"

"Nothing. The city provides them free. If you had had a keeper he wouldn't have let you go so near the waves. So, you see, it's your own fault."

"You don't say! By gosh, it's a funny town! Where's the nearest ferry to the grandest state in the Union?"

The policeman told him how to find the foot of Liberty street.—New York Herald.

Oaths and Bible Kisses in Parliament.

A correspondent writes: "When will some legislative reformer with a just appreciation of the value of promissory oaths and a due sense of the importance of the public time help us to dispense with the meaningless and wholly unnecessary ceremony to which the new house of commons has been giving up its precious days? To see the solemn array of five New Testaments on a table to which ever and anon come five members to kiss the covers in response to some mumbled words understood to be an oath of allegiance certainly would not give a stranger among us a favorable idea of the practical good sense of the English people.

"Does any one really suppose that these 670 gentlemen will be a bit more firm in their allegiance to the occupant of the throne of this realm because they have been compelled to make this mechanical demonstration of loyalty? In numerous other departments of the state unnecessary oaths have long since disappeared in face of Bentham's convincing logic. Why should the house of commons in these days be the stronghold of the practice of swearing in this wholesale fashion?"—London News.

A Quick and Easy Way.

Even the poor beggars who get a few cents for passing out "dodgers" to the unwilling passersby have their ways for "beating the boss." One of the forlorn ones was seen in a cross seat in an L car last night distributing his bundle of "dodgers" in blocks of five every thirty seconds—out of the window. If his employer should grow suspicious he could take him up the west side of Third avenue and show him his circulars lining the curb—where of course they had been dropped by the passersby after reading.—New York Times.

IN A RUNAWAY ELEVATOR.

Nine Persons Inside, and the Thing Racing Up and Down the Shaft.

Just before noon two of the elevators in the Commerce building stopped running, the one nearest to the front door alone remaining in operation. The elevators are worked by hydraulic power, and the force required to work them was thus thrown on one. It was on an up trip that eight men crowded into the elevator. Two of them were Mr. Tom Craig and Mr. Donald Ross. The door was closed with a bang, and the boy pulled the lever for the ascent. In a second the throttle, as it were, was wide open. The elevator seemed traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and appeared every second to be getting on more steam.

The elevator boy worked manfully at the lever and used every means to stop the "lift," but the machine refused to take hold, and the wild career upward continued. Suddenly the cage stopped with a jolt, and the elevator started down at the same killing pace it had been going upward. Down two stories it dropped, and then as suddenly began ascending again. By this time all on board wished they were somewhere else. They looked wildly out on the polished floors, where safety was, and for the first time realized what a prison a runaway elevator is.

Though the boy at the lever exhausted every resource of his art, now resorting to skill and now to strength, the movements of the elevator became more and more eccentric.

It went up twenty feet and fell ten. The men thought they might have led better lives.

It went up thirty feet and fell fifteen. The elevator boy thought of some mean things he had done.

It went up ten feet and fell twenty. All resolved that if they got out alive they would walk straight and narrow paths for the rest of their lives.

It went up fifteen feet and fell thirty, and then it dashed with deadly speed toward the roof, and all the sins that the eight caged men and the one caged boy had ever done rushed before them like a host of devils. But it stopped just in time, and once more reversed brakes. It stopped with cruel jolts now and then, but always between the floors, leaving those on board still caged in by wire walls. Time and again it seemed certain that it would halt at one of the floors. But it did not, and hope died again.

Finally, after what seemed an eternity of torture, the elevator did stop two feet below one of the doors. Mr. Craig was closest to the exit, and hastily throwing back the door he leaped forward and out. Just as he did so the machine shot upward, and it was only by a hairbreadth that he escaped being crushed and almost certainly killed.

After his escape the elevator continued to perform for a minute and then once more became obedient. The seven men and the boy got out as quickly as possible. All were very thankful. The elevator was examined and found to be in good working order. The elevator boy got on board and tried it for a floor or two, and returning pronounced everything all right. The elevator never did this before.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Agriculture in Russia.

The predominating trait of rulers from Cæsar downward is an invincible hypocrisy. People of education and experience are invited to occupy themselves with agriculture, but they are well aware that no sooner have they arrived and settled down than they will be unmercifully expelled again. The Jews are blamed for avoiding agriculture, and are accused of not wishing to live by the sweat of their brow, yet they are forbidden to colonize without the pale or to own property.

The Jew might turn on his persecutors and say to them: "You condemn me for not taking kindly to farming while you yourselves, pharisees that you are, have reduced your farms to the last stage of impoverishment. God be praised, we Jews have had no part in it; but to envy you or to wish to be in your position is more than can be expected of us."

All this talk of agriculture is mere clumsy hypocrisy. The peasants fly from the land, happy, indeed, to find some other occupation. Others are not permitted to take their place; those who have the right are too ignorant to do anything, and the result is chaos.—Contemporary Review.

Hutton's Collection of Death Masks.

The earliest death masks in my collection are those of Dante, made perhaps in the first part of the Fourteenth century, and of Tasso, certainly made at the end of the Sixteenth. The latest mask is that of Lawrence Barrett. They range from Sir Isaac Newton, the wisest of men, to Sambo, the lowest type of American negro; from Ben Caunt, the prize fighter to Thomas Chalmers, the light of the Scottish pulpit; from Oliver Cromwell to Thomas Paine; from Keats to Robert Burns; from the First Napoleon to Robert the Bruce.—Laurence Hutton in Harper's.

What the Preacher Learned.

A celebrated preacher, when speaking to some 3,000 children, after delighting them with a variety of stories, thought it might be well to point the moral of one of them. He had hardly, however, begun to say, "Now this teaches," when a little ragamuffin on the front bench cried out: "Never mind what it teaches. Give's another story." "I learned from that rascal," he said, "to wrap the moral well in the heart of the story, not to put it as a sting into the tail."—London Tit-Bits.

The Kind She Wanted.

Gentleman—My wife has lost her waterproof, and she wished me to stop in here and order anyone sent up at once, as it looks like rain.

Dealer—Yes, sir. What sort, sir?

Gentleman—Um—I've forgotten the name, but it's one of those that make a woman look better dressed in wet weather than she is in dry weather.—New York Weekly.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

512 Dillwyn St. Phila., Pa.

Have taken a great deal of medicine in my life but no remedy ever helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I consider the best blood purifier in the world.

E. Walz

CURES OTHERS, Will Cure You.

The Use of Toothpicks.

"Do toothpicks do harm or good?" is a question often asked. They may do harm if abused, undoubtedly, by causing irritation of the gum between two teeth and its subsequent absorption, and if made of wood splinters are liable to be left behind, which have in many recorded instances caused even the loss of a tooth; but used judiciously they are of great value in routing the attacking forces in caries—namely, accumulations of food and mucus secretions. It has been urged against them that they might dislodge a stopping. But if a stopping is so insecure it must be faulty, and the sooner it is replaced the better, for decay, due to the impossibility of keeping the surface clean, must be going on underneath it.—London Lancet.

Robert P. Sommerville, alias Lord, was sentenced at Peru, Ind., to three years in the penitentiary for forgery.

The oldest editor in Missouri is Colonel William F. Switzer of the Chillicothe Constitution. For more than fifty years he has had charge of a newspaper and is vigorous man of 70, very erect and active.

The line of the naval parade in New York's Columbian ceremonies will be nearly three miles long.

Bowdoin college opened this fall under the most favorable conditions in its history. Within two years this memorable and successful institution has received over $650,000 in gifts.

John Bingham, a jealous railroad man at St. Joseph, Mo., cut his wife's throat.

Ellsworth Cox of Greencastle, Ind., was killed by a train while walking on the railroad track.

It is said that Mrs. Adair of Philadelphia, whose first husband left her an immense fortune, spends $120,000 a year in entertaining.

Ex-Speaker Reed has blossomed out as a platform orator. His first lecture will be delivered in Boston Oct. 17 on "The Progress of Humanity."

Andrew Croswell of Brooklyn, 75 years old, committed suicide with a razor. Protracted illness was the cause.

The survivors of the Ninth Massachusetts regiment have returned to the old Cleveland guards of the Twelfth North Carolina regiment the silk flag which they took from them in battle thirty years ago.

Blanche Siegrist, the singer, has sued her husband, Billy Madden the sporting man, for divorce and alimony.

E. K. Nichols, a brakeman, was crushed to death at Waco, Tex., while uncoupling cars.

The Salvation Army poke bonnet has been replaced in England by a broad-brimmed straw hat, trimmed with stalks of corn. Salvation meetings are now greeted with cries of "Where did you get that hat?"

Horsethieves have been plentiful of late in the vicinity of Mascoutah, Ills., and officers are scouring the country for them.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 453 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, F S, 190 W Taylor st; C B Bracken, F S; Dr C C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 590 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 9 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 589 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C Eisg, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hanman st; P M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Cartier Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; S F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 1st Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—D B Quinlan, C R; Henry S Hewson, R S; W J Erler, F S; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; E B Brady, R S, 508 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 944 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3455 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeen st; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 302 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 3d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Boot st; John Hale, F S; Wm Treacy, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 9013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Pols, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgobann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaefer's hall, 2261 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Durtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Taliman av, E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; B Smith, F S; E S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagomia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J F Lamb, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 62 Menomonee st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 228 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomsets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Euler, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Symon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond O Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Paxel, C R, 283 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schmitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtomb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, [illegible], treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M J Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Fitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4966 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brienkt, C R, 507 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Laval Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 103 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M F Merrch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 351 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teety, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J B Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2074 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Droiet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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State Delegate, L. Healy, 27th st. and Lake Shore, Chicago.
State Secretary, J. F. Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E. Madison-st., at 3 p. m.
County Delegate, F. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, D. Kirby, 466 W. Erie st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 820 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—J. J. Adamson, Pres, 532 W Fourteenth st; Michael Furgeson, V P; Edward Quinn, R S, 873 Ashland av; Christopher J. Ingoldsby, F S; Jeremiah O'Brien, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday each month at 7:30 p. m. at 188 Blue Island av.

Div. No. 2—D F Murphy, Pres., Grand Crossing, Michael Harmon, V. P.; E F. Brennen, Rec. Sec., Grand Crossing; A. Harmon, Fin. Sec.; Patrick J. O'Sullivan, Treas.

Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Wm. J. L by, Rec Sec; Wm. Hede, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month in Society Hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins 83 S. Halsted-st., Pres., David Mulligan, V. P.; Daniel Corcoran, Rec. Sec.; Peter J. Madigan, Fin. Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4317 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; E. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet 3rd Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—William Sullivan, Pres. 130 Lytle st.; Patrick Carmody, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec., 3442 Marshfield av; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres., 257 Michigan st; M. Doyle, V. P.; D. J. Mahoney Rec Sec.; P. J. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec., James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p m. cor Clark and Michigan sts.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., 8 Chicago; P. C. Fiser, V. P.; Thomas White, Rec Sec, 5 Chicago; Owen Aberl, Fin. Sec.; T. Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m. in Eigerman's Hall, South Chicago

Div No. 10—John B. O'Connor, Pres. 4722 Bishop st; James Small, V. P., Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec., 4125 State st.; Patrick O Brien, Fin Sec., Wm Webb, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month, Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av. 3 p m.

Div. No. 11—D. Kirby, Pres., 466 W Erie st; M. E. Lynch, V.-P.; T. J. Lamb, Rec. Sec. 578 W Erie st.; M. J. Bradshaw, Fin. Sec.; M. J. Corcoran, Treas. Meets 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts. 8 p m.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan, V. P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 3326 Fifth av; V.P., Lawrence Hendy; Rec. Sec., F. J. Conroy, 493 35th st; Fin. Sec., William Houlihan; Treas., Michael Finneran. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N. W. cor Thirty-seventh-st. and Armour av.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3302 Parnell av; V-P., Daniel Daly; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 320 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Jeremis O'Hern; Treas., Charles Lynch. Meets first Thursday of each month at 3159 S. Halsted st., at 8 p m.

Div. No. 21—W. J. Doherty, Pres, 47th st and Centre av.; John McGeoghegan, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 4604 Ashland av; M. Ryan, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av.

Div. No. 22—Pres, P. Bolley, 6717 Wentworth av; V.-P., John Kerr; Rec. Sec., Hugh McBally, 345 Bristol st; Fin. Sec., James A Walsh; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m. at Shields' hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. No. 23—Pres, James Dolan, Pullman; V P, Wm J Carroll; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter J Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 25—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; Rec sec, James Gannon, 3736 Union av; Fin sec, Michael Hughes; Treas, M. Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month cor 35 h st. and Emerald av.

Div. No. 26—Pres, John T. Keating, 3627 Jackson av; V. P., W. A. Cunnea, Rec. sec., W. McMahon, 6935 Stoney Island av; Fin. Sec., P. D. Ryan; Treas., J. J. Egan. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn av.

Div. 27—Pres, John P Dooley, 6339 Honore V P, Thos Kelly; Rec sec, Michael McDermott, 6138 Wallace st; Fin sec, M B Hoey; Treas, C McInerney. Meet 2d Sunday each month in St. Bernard's hall, 65th st. at 3 p m.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Yeomans Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
John O'Callaghan, 78 Carroll avenue, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2736 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dani Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E 8 venth st., St. Paul, Minn.
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Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me
Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 304 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

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Treasurer John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av, Chicago.
Trustees, A. Burke, P. Dougherty, J Larney, Maurice A. O'Connor.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall 8 W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.
County Delegate, Richard Powers, 3617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill
County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 522 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. 2—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Bynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer ave; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larner Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Brackett st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Ferquer st; fin sec, T. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 3 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May st.

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Vice-President, Walter J Gibbons, 1 North Franklin-st.
Secretary, J. J. Garrity, 41 N. Carpenter
Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 42 Pine st.
Marshal, J. Doyle, 1294 E. Huron-st.

FATHER HAGAN'S T. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 681 W. Lake-st. Pres, William J. Laney, 7 Smart-st.; V.-P., John Daley; Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 236 N. Wood-st.; Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas., Wm. Clow; Marshal, John J. Bickey; Sergt-at-Arms, John E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at new hall 90 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p. m. President, David Barry, 22 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Michael Kenny; 2nd V.-P., J. J. Barry Sec'y, J. J. Hackett 86 W. Taylor-st.; Assistant Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Oak, President, 98 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. Foley; 2nd V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 219 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Asst. Rec. Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hart; Marshal, R. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1850. Meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Sodality hall, corner May and Eleventh-sts. President, John W. Clancy, 402 S May st.; V.-P., Martin O'Connell; Rec., James Cleary, 362 Maxwell st.; Fin. Sec., Alex Cairns; Treas., William Colbert; Marshal, James F. Gallagher.

ANNUNCIATION T. A. SOCIETY—Meets every Tuesday evening in School hall, Waubansia av and Commercial st. Pres, Thos. L. Horgan; V-P, John F. Conway; Rec Sec, John Nash, 929 Elston av.; Fin Sec, B. J. Mahony Treas, John J. Cullinan; Marshal, Ernest Wittleben; Sergt-at-arms, Joseph F Ash; Spiritual Director, Rev. E

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DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK. ss. In the Probate Court of Cook County. Estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased. Joseph L. Kotal, Administrator of the estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased, vs. Alonzo Relyea, Matilda Howell, Henry M. Howell, James Cruse, Phillip Cruse, Augustus D. Petty, Elizabeth D. Inman, B. H. Inman and Lewis H. Davis, as Trustee. (ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE TO PAY DEBTS).

By virtue of the decretal order of said Probate Court, made and entered in the above entitled cause, on the fifth (5th) day of October, A. D. 1892, on the petition of said Administrator for leave to sell the real estate of said decedent to pay the debts of said estate, I will, on Monday, the 31st day of October, A.D. 1892, at the hour of Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the rooms of the Chicago Real Estate Board, 57 Dearborn street, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, sell at public vendue to the highest and best bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest which was of Lucinda Relyea, deceased, at the time of her death, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit.: Lot Seven (7) in Block Two (2) of Samuel B. Loose's Subdivision of the South half (S ½) of the North half (N ½) of the West half (W ½) of the Southwest quarter (S W ¼) of Section Nine (9) Township Thirty-eight (38), North, Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) principal meridian, situate in the City of Chicago, County of Cook and State of Illinois; said real estate is improved by a frame cottage, and will be sold subject to the dower and homestead rights of Alonso Relyea. No deed will be delivered until said sale has been reported to and approved by said Probate Court.

Dated Chicago, Oct. 6, 1892.

JOSEPH L. KOTAL, Administrator of the estate of Lucinda Relyea, deceased.

David Sullivan, Petitioner's Solicitor.

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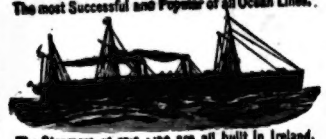

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ESTATE OF JOHN B. SONTAG, DEceased—All persons having claims against the estate of John B. Sontag, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November A. D. 1892, being the 21st day thereof.

Dated Chicago, October 5, 1892.

MARY SONTAG, Executrix.

James O'Connell, Solicitor for Executrix.

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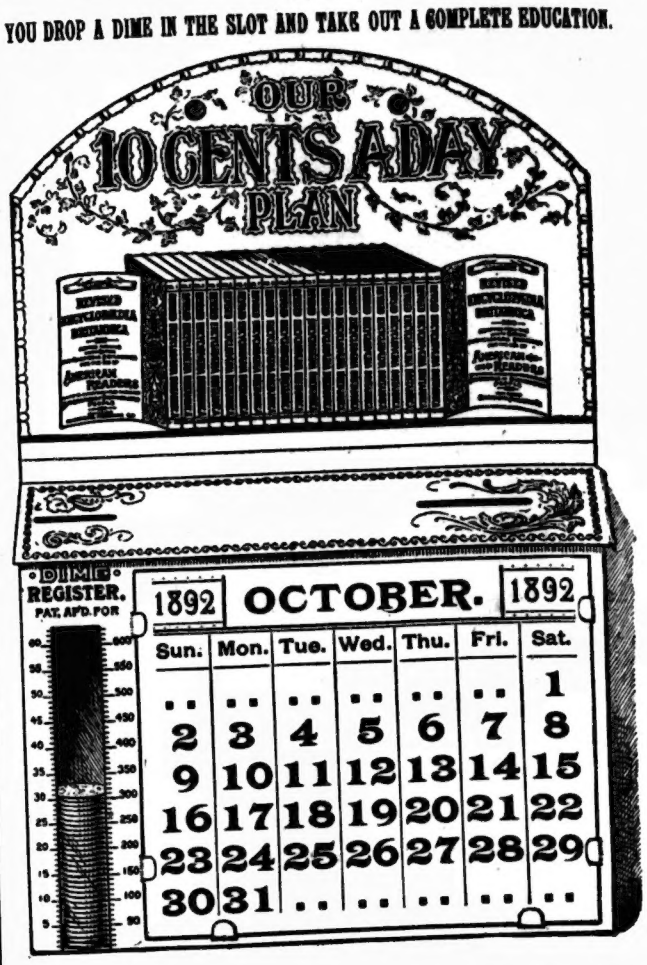
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